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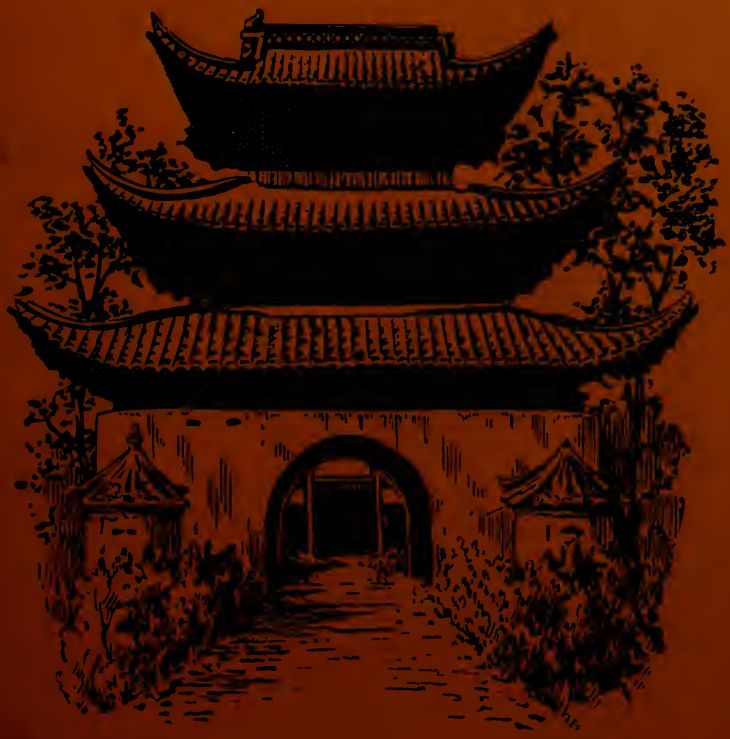

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A Country Congregation of Christians

CHINA INSIDE OUT

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY
GEORGE A. MILLER

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FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

THE Rev. George A. Miller spent some months traveling with Bishop W. S. Lewis in China and engaging in evangelistic work. He did not see China from a car window or the deck of a steam boat. He traveled on foot over Chinese roads, lived in Chinese inns, ate Chinese food, slept on Chinese kiangs or beds, preached to Chinese sinners, bowed at the altars with Chinese penitents, listened to the experiences of Chinese saints, and, like every man of similar experiences, grew to admire, to enjoy, and to love the Chinese people. These sketches are pictures of what Dr. Miller saw and heard. They are concrete, brief, vivid, true. Any missionary, with spiritual insight and power to portray what he sees, can confirm them by hundreds of similar incidents. Dr. Miller insured the correctness of his sketches by reporting his first impressions instead of waiting until they were blurred by hundreds of varying experiences. Their supreme value consists in the fact that they are straightforward reports of laboratory experiments in spiritual life.

J. W. BASHFORD.

INTRODUCTION

THE paramount interest of every land must have its mainspring in the life of the people. Lofty, snow-capped mountain ranges, sources of great rivers which cut their way through succeeding ranges of mountains, broad and fertile plains pregnant with the sources of life for teeming millions, must await the voyager, the artisan, the tiller of the soil, to complete the picture or permanently to hold the interest or the imagination. Ancient shore lines, whose bold and rugged heights during unnumbered centuries have defended the mainland from the ceaseless attacks of a restless ocean, fail to rivet attention until their coves and bays are dotted with boats, the habitation of living deathless men and women. A man, Spirit-filled, eternity bound, is God's own good reason for lifting great continents out of the sea and sending majestic rivers thundering down through rock-riven beds.

The author of this book walked over ancient roads which for centuries have wound their ways through the passes in the mountains. He listened to the music of the waters of ancient rivers as they swished against his boat by night and day. He sailed along the rugged China coast and knew the

power of the sea and its impact on the functions of the anatomy of our physical being. He writes only of the forms, customs, voices, songs of men and women. The life of the Chinese is his theme, what the people say, how they amuse themselves, what they have done to represent their ideals of religion, their occupations, their daily toil. His theme is life expressed in human form. It is the very source of history, the spirit of philosophy, the paramount interest of human beings. Through these pages walk and speak the Chinese people, in terms of universal experience, testifying their response to the stimuli of the Christian gospel and western civilization.

W. S. Lewis.

FOREWORD

THIS book is a collection of notes from the laboratory of life. The writer has no theory to support and no cause to plead. These data concerning the social and personal reactions of the Christian gospel in Chinese life may serve as footnotes for more extensive discussions of the Chinese people and their problems.

China in her hour of waking national consciousness and readjustment to the modern world furnishes peculiar opportunities for observation of the working of the forces of spiritual faith in the hearts of men. Once more appears the fresh and virile response of the apostolic age. Independent of foreign molds, the Christian stimulus is producing a type of character that promises to become an important factor in the world-conquest of the kingdom of God. A study of this product cannot fail to be rich in suggestion concerning the workings of that transforming power that remakes men in the divine image.

It is difficult to tell fairly the story of the Christian propaganda in China. Contradictory statements may be true on both sides. Interesting stories may be correct in detail but misleading in inference. Even personal experiences may be

accurately described, but not representative in character. Mingled trials and triumphs, hardships and happiness are but the surface ripples of that deepening river of God that bears the waters of life to millions of thirsty yellow men.

The material here presented was gathered during personal journeys and in the constant association with the people who know and understand the Chinese best, and the statements made have been checked up with the experiences of these experts. If they may add anything to the story of the expanding life of the Church of Jesus Christ, they have not been written in vain.

CHAPTER I

THE HUMAN CHINESE

Chinese Human Nature—Chinese Children—Chinese Theaters—Living by the Road—"Just About So"—An Altar in Every House—Domestic Bliss (?)—A Trip to Hell—Buddhism Not Dead—The Terror of Death.

TO a far-away Chinese city, late one fall afternoon, came a missionary and his Chinese companion, weary on their journey. Curious crowds surged about this "foreign devil," for he was in a city where no foreigner had ever lived, and not very many had been seen on these crooked streets. And since there was no mission compound, nor Christian church in which to camp, it was a case of Chinese inn for the night. Now, a Chinese inn is a little better than the open streets, but it is not a case of clean sheets and hot water. It is "in" by every sense of the word. The foreigner, for purposes of safety, is quartered in the innermost, darkest, dampest cell in the place. Mud floor, brick "kiang," and entire absence of ventilation characterize this apartment de luxe, which is always next to the suite occupied by the family pig,

for the practical reason that the pig must also be kept in the very safest place in the house. The pig is valuable, the foreigner is dangerous.

Baggage stowed away, this traveler and his friend sought again the open street for as many hours as possible. There would be plenty of time for the piggery later. Down the narrow street stood a disheveled arch before a neglected shrine. Between the gateway and the musty old temple was an open area, into which the missionary wandered, gazing upon the decaying symbols of a dead faith. He did not reflect long, however, for the area filled with inquisitive people, who plied the foreigner, through his Chinese interpreter, with many questions. Whence came he and whither was he going? What might be his honorable age? Where did he get the gold in his teeth? How much did he pay for his hat? Could he explain his curious complexion?

Flattered by these expressions of kindly interest, the traveler stood upon an old bench and said that he would answer all these questions by preaching his gospel of good news. If he should in any way criticize these tumbled-down idols in the old temple, it would not be because of any disrespect for the people but in answer to their questions. These idols were really unable to do anything at all, as one could see. They had not been able to hold themselves up, but were falling down like blocks of wood, which, indeed, they were. At

this the crowd laughed, recognizing the truth of this sally. Here was a book, the missionary continued, in which was the story of the true God, who made heaven and earth and all who dwell therein. He was not a God of anger and malice, as these images showed themselves to be by their faces, but a God of love and good will, who thought so much of men that he sent his only Son into the world to save them from their sins.

After a half hour of such preaching the speaker paused, only to be urged to continue. For another half hour seven hundred people gave close attention, and when he again ceased speaking, voices from the crowd asked when they might hear more of this. The missionary promised to send them one of their own people, if such could be found, but first asked how many people would like to hear more in order that when they had learned the way of truth they might abandon these idols and worship and serve the true God. About two hundred men lifted their hands in response, and fifty of them remained to ask more particularly about this new teaching.

Chinese Human Nature

Something has happened to Chinese human nature. After forty centuries of paganism the labors of the first missionaries produced nothing but antagonism. Five, seven, and ten years they labored before the first converts came. One con-

vert then was cause for tears and thanksgiving—now two hundred outstretched hands in a heathen temple court! Some spiritual re-agent has been introduced into the primary qualities of human nature, and the attitude toward truth has changed. Political, commercial, and diplomatic elements have had much to do with this change of front, but beyond and above the forces that may be named is the unseen Hand that has touched the hearts of the Chinese and inclined them toward the light.

The soil of Chinese life is rich in those ingredients which make possible bountiful harvests when once the seed is planted in human hearts and the young growth is freed from the tares of superstition and prejudice. There is a delicious human quality about these people. Practically every one who comes to know the Chinese likes them very much. Some foreigners after a lifetime spent in China have come to feel that the Chinese represent the normal human type. The marked differences between the Chinese and the rest of us are nearly all accounted for by certain age-old customs. Remove these barriers, and the stream of life and habit flows in the great standard experiences of universal humanity. There is no difficulty in understanding the Chinese, provided one can appreciate the results of social ideals and inherited customs.

A stranger can work his way into almost any

situation in China if he knows how to smile. Without a word of the dialect, a traveler can induce hospital cripples to hobble about and pose for him, can get a crowd to line up, can block the traffic if need be—and all for a smile. Carrying a film pack camera and throwing away the blank covers, I found that they were always politely returned to me by Chinese, who thought that I had dropped them by mistake. I finally formed

THEY WENT OUT TO MEET THE BISHOP

the habit of stuffing them into my pocket to save the "face" of the well-meaning coolie.

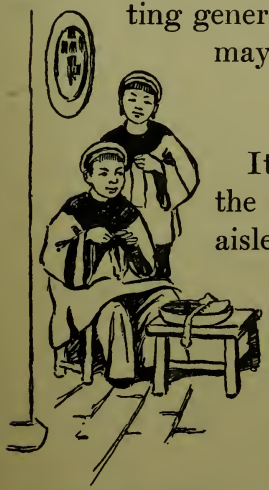
A Chinese audience never fails to get the point of a joke, provided it is within the range of things that are universally funny. Comical incidents and accidents by the road always provoke much mirth. An audience of college students will get the turn of a joke as quickly as any people on earth. Unfailing good nature seems to make life endurable where it might otherwise go out in despair.

I fell into the habit of telling a few selected stories in different parts of the country and noting the reactions as tests of certain qualities. Immediate response appeared to anything that appealed to loyalty to a friend, fidelity to parents, reverence for good men, or sacrifice for principle.

Strong attachments spring up between Chinese and foreigners, not because it is a missionary's duty to be friendly, but because there is a basis of equality. A college president said to me, "These people are just as brainy as we are." "Foreign helper" has come to take the place of "native helper" in the missionary vocabulary. I have gone down to the lower deck of the big river steamers and found Chinese who discussed with great intelligence the national problems of platforms and politics and inquired eagerly for news from the United States.

There is plenty of human nature, even in a coolie. Some of the rickshaw men have a refreshing bit of wit concealed somewhere about their scant-clad persons, and I have seen river boatmen show a consideration and sympathy that were surprising. Among students from better families, Christian culture develops a type that is very fine, and conversation with these men never fails to put the foreigner on his mettle. Instinctively he knows that he is dealing with a gentleman, and that he must put forth his best if he is to contribute his share to the discussion.

The latent common sense of the Chinese mind responds quickly to the protest against barbarous and wasteful practices. When once the microbe of progress gets into a Chinese system, inoculation is followed by a fast-developing case of improvement. Whatever else he may be, the Chinese is a practical man. Don't talk railroads to him—build them, and he will patronize them from the start. He is not a mystic; we never find him lying on a bed of spikes nor torturing his right arm, but he has a marvelous knack of getting general results by any means that may be devised on the spot.



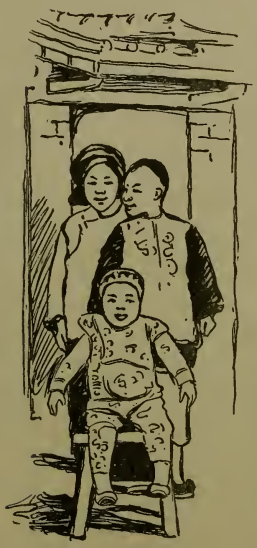
CHINESE CHILDREN

Chinese Children

It was on a railway train and the day was warm. Across the aisle sat a Chinese mother with her five-year-old son, both wrapped in the inscrutable passivity of Chinese facial non-expression. Frequently the youngster looked at me, the curious foreigner. I smiled and manufactured grimaces for his entertainment, while he stolidly gazed at me, with no more recognition than a pound of mud. Occasionally he reassured himself by a glance at his mother's placid countenance. Four thousand years of repression looked

out through that baby face. Any change would have cracked it—both ways.

After a time the mother went to the next car and left young China alone. Like the sphinx he sat, detached from the world. Then I began an experiment. With such advances as are wont to win the heart of American five-year-olds I laid siege to this infant citadel of conservatism. Smiles, finger tricks, sweetmeats, and coaxings availed nothing for a time, and then, slowly enough at first, that baby began to loosen up. He looked up and down, but his pattern was gone, and the boy within him began to answer the challenge. Within three quarters of an hour, I had that fellow laughing and playing with me like any normal child. It took less than forty minutes to knock away the constraint of forty centuries.



A FAMILY GROUP

That is what makes Chinese human reactions so interesting just now. The hoary sanctions are breaking away and the really splendid spirit within is responding to the challenge of universal experiences expressed in terms of the modern world.

In port cities Chinese children show much more spontaneity. Their experiences with foreigners have taught them several things, one of them being that it is not fatal to laugh. These Arabs of the street soon learn that smiles have a commercial value with the foreigner, and the grins manufactured and exhibited with requests for cumshaw are something to see. A handful of copper cash, thrown into the midst of a temple area full of good-natured, scrambling children, produces a fair imitation of amateur football.

A SMILE

We were toiling up a crooked path toward the pagoda on top of the hill. Down came a roly-poly, rollicking ten-year-old boy. At sight of us a lightning change took place. His face fell, his shoulders drooped, distress spoke from every flap of his ragged clothes. He wanted a cumshaw. Having been cumshawed all morning, we were not impressed by these signals of distress; in fact, we affected not to see him at all. This was too much, and young China squared himself for a demonstration. Shaking out his pocket, he showed that it was empty. Then pulling up his ragged shirt, he patted his

round, bare little "tummy" to indicate that it was also empty, and with the most winning smile in the world, again he suggested a cumshaw. Verily, he had his reward.

The river beggars who infest the landing places of the Yangtse are a wheedling lot of whiners, but some of the children are very amusing and withal good money-getters. While watching the antics of a boatload of these youngsters a foreign lady passenger on the upper deck dropped a cheap little scarf pin into the beggar's basket for the ten-year-old girl below. The result was interesting. She examined the pin closely, then discovering its use and the manner of its fastening, pinned it upon her ragged little dress and at once lost all interest in the begging business. She looked at the pin as if fascinated, and then began to straighten and smooth her rags and try to arrange them in better fashion. She smoothed her hair, drew her bare and dirty feet out of sight, and when the steamer drew away she was still busy with her new finery. Two weeks later the same travelers, returning, found the same little girl with that pin in its place. Recognizing the giver, she pointed proudly to the ornament and smiled a thanks that was genuine enough.

Chinese boys have a fairly good time of it, but where foot-binding is still practiced the girls have trouble enough for two. There is something

indescribably pathetic in the sight of these little girls sitting helpless and silent in the doors of their homes, often red-eyed and tear-stained. Mission influences are slowly doing away with this barbarism, but all too many yet are the crippled babies condemned by custom to a life of helplessness and torture.

Chinese Theaters

We were walking ahead of our coolies, the bishop, the missionary, and I, through the beautiful rice fields of Hinghwa. The three-thousand-year-old road of rough stones made its ancient way among the paddie fields and Chinese villages scattered about, fifty of them in sight at once.

Off to the right rose a discordant bray of noise. Bedlam and chaos seemed to be performing a duet. Nearer we drew, louder and deadlier grew the din. I looked my question, and the bishop answered, "A Chinese theater, that's all."

"But I want to see it, and it is perhaps a li off the road."

The bishop looked at me. "Young man," he said, "the theater is included in the list of worldly amusements proscribed by the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Your desires are evidence of a worldly mind."

"But," I temporized, "the Discipline says nothing about Chinese theaters. You can see

and hear for yourself that they are different, individual, and exclusive. Perhaps some great historical pageant is now enacted amid yonder pandemonium, and I may never again have opportunity to take a course in Chinese histrionics. Really, Bishop—"

CHINESE MUSICIANS

"Young man, nothing is so satisfying as a Chinese theater. Had the framers of the famous paragraph ever heard one, they would have prescribed a course in Chinese theatricals for the soul culture of every spirit destined for the higher ranges of patience and suffering. I hope that you may be permitted to drink your fill of first-night performances, but the sun drops low in the west, and Hinghwa is still fifteen li away."

That night, in a missionary's home, I was shown to a clean room and a spring bed, the first I had met for two weeks. Here I would find rest for my bones and slumber for my eyelids.

No sooner had I dropped my burdens in the corner than I became aware of a familiar clamor across the street. There, in full blast, was being enacted before my eyes the first act of a Chinese mystery play on a stage erected for the purpose before a gaping crowd that packed the street for half a block away. At last I was to see and hear to my heart's content, and that from my own private box seat in the window! What would the bishop say now?

But episcopal experience was not to be gainsaid. Within a half hour I was satisfied. An hour later I was running over. In two hours I was saturated through and through with Chinese theater. After three hours the uproar filled every nook and corner of that town for three squares away. Four hours passed and the players were warming to their work. Five hours, six hours, and not a wink of sleep in this my first spring bed for two weeks. At three o'clock in the morning the season seemed at its height. About three-thirty, exhaustion set in for players and spectators, and by four o'clock quiet had fallen upon the shattered atmosphere. I slept three hours and appeared before the bishop like one who has been through purgatory and back again.

"You look tired this morning. What's the matter?" inquired the kindly superintendent.

"I had seven hours of Chinese theater last

night, just outside my window," I replied, miserably.

And the bishop smiled.

CHINESE "CHOW"

Living by the Road

Traveling one day through a wide country where I was, per force, silent and dumb, I met at noontime a missionary who spoke vigorous and fluent Chinese, and we camped together in the little churchyard.

Provisions being low in the hampers, the missionary went forth and soon returned with the native, who served us some of the most toothsome viands that I had tasted in many weeks. I don't know what the names were, nor the ingredients, but they were boiling hot, and as I sat there on the chapel steps and fed myself that Chinese "chow" with clean chopsticks, there came to me that first glimmer of Chinese consciousness which a traveler must acquire if he is ever to "get" any people. I saw

dimly, but I did see, that there is a Chinese reason for the Chinese way of doing things. It may not be my way, but it is his way, and for him constitutes a satisfactory answer to the riddle of life.

As I went my way and pondered this matter through successive days, the conviction and consciousness grew within me that, after all, the Chinese are not so foolish as they seem.

Chinese feasts do not grow by the roadside, but some very eatable things may be purchased for a few coppers in almost any village. Noodles are always good. Sweetcakes the foreigner declines, as they are not hot and it is always fly time. Fish, if fresh and hot, is good if not too highly seasoned with nobody knows what. The smell of Chinese streets does not suggest a wedding dinner, but the dishes served on the little tables may be very good just the same.

"American or Chinese?" inquired my friend one day as we sat down in a pretentious city restaurant.

"Chinese, by all means," I replied, for I had learned a few things in three months. I can't name all the things that they brought out, but they were good—and I live to tell the tale, which is, after all, the proof of the case.

Venders of all sorts of eatables line the station platforms of the railroads. Nuts, fruit, candies, rice, and nicely browned roast chicken may be had for a few cents. After several efforts I bought

a plump chicken, brown and basted, for thirty Mexican cents, and the meat was fresh and good. The poor fellow of whom I bought it was thinly clad and shivered in the bitter cold wind with snow on the ground, yet he bowed and smiled in response to my payment of the price, and when

ON THE UPPER YANGTSE

I looked at him out of the car window he smiled again. Poor shivering fellow, there was a soul back of the smile.

I traveled with one American possessed by the fixed idea that nothing Chinese could be fit to eat. At last personal eloquence won the day, and a beginning was made on a delicious dish of rice, fine meat and flavoring, hot from the dining car.

Antagonism gave way to doubt, doubt to tolerance, and tolerance faded into acceptance. Enthusiasm closed the meal and the day was won for Chinese chow.

A Chinese wedding feast is quite worth while. Who sits next to the bride? Sh—! The Chinese bride is never present at her own wedding feast. Such impropriety would be unpardonable, as would any reference to her by her husband or any of his friends. Here is a feast given by a man who was married six months before and postponed the feast for reasons of convenience to the groom. Whose convenience would you consult in such matters? Obviously, the man's, as no woman is ever present at a wedding feast. This is a very good feast, however, for it is prepared by experts, and where in the world can be found better cooks than the Chinese? Eight, sixteen, or perhaps twenty-four courses, many of them unnamable and some of them to the foreigner unpalatable, but all of them hot and "safe." There is no need to leave the table hungry. It is a mark of politeness to help the guest to choice tidbits with the personal chopsticks of the host.

One learns to gauge his eating by the probable number of courses and thus avoid digestive bankruptcy. When the feast is finished there is just one way to express polite satisfaction over the meal. Draw back from the table, rub your right hand over the place where the dinner is supposed

now to be, draw a long breath, and say "Ah—h" closing with a sigh and a grunt. It is easily done and will bring a glad smile to the face of your host. His feast has been a success.

Globe-trotters who rush through China living in foreign hotels, imitating American conditions as closely as possible, see China through a car window or from a steamer's deck and learn little. You must know a country by each of the five senses before you can understand its life.

"Just About So"

There is one Chinese expression that comes near being universal. North, south, east, and west you hear it: "Cha bah doah." Say it like one word and you will have it. What does it mean? "Just about so."

Nothing is exact, nothing is final in China; everything is just about so. Two and two make —just about—four. Anything between three and three quarters and four and an eighth will do, with the margin always on the side of the wily trader. Order a square box from the carpenter and it will be, not exactly square, but just about square.

Not only so, but a Chinese will use any means at hand, any material to be had, and in some sort of way get something near the result. It is not an exact process nor a finished product, but it will answer the purpose and serve the end in view.

Probably no people on earth has ever become so expert in using any means to reach by any route something that will answer the requirements of the case.

Let pestilence sweep over the land and decimate the population; next year they are at it again in some way retrieving their ruined homes. Shake to pieces by earthquake the house of a Chinese, burn with the fire the ruins, wash away his crops with a flood, kill his cattle by pest, steal his plow and pilfer his pig, and leave him naked and starving on a bare plot of ground. Anyone else would lie down and die; but if you come back a year later, you find that man still alive, making shift in some sort of way to get a new start on the ruins of his former prosperity. If he has no house, he will make a rude shelter of grass. Cattle gone, he will pull the plow himself, or harness his wife. If there be no plow, he will use a hoe, or a sharp stick; in some way he will toil and starve and get a new start.

PLOWING

It is true that the Chinese are not an exact people. If they were, half of them would perish.

An Altar in Every House

One may travel for weeks at a time through village country in China and see the interiors of thousands of Chinese homes. There is no effort at concealment and no sense of violated propriety if the traveler gazes frankly upon whatever may be seen within.

I have done just this, and do not remember that I have seen the interior of any houses which did not contain some place or object of worship. A tablet, a niche in the wall, an image large or small—something in that house represented the presence of the unseen and the unknown. Of course Christian homes are the exceptions, but the idea of propitiating the unseen is everywhere present.

This does not mean reverence nor worship in the Christian meaning of the words. Perhaps it means merely fear. Call it superstition if you please, but it does mean that no Chinese is foolish enough to ignore the existence of forces that he cannot see and spirits that he cannot know, until some one tells him their story.

Domestic Bliss (?)

It was a young woman, a missionary in southern China, who set out one morning for a

day's journey through a part of her territory. Her road led directly through a small village, and hard by the village were a man and his wife working in adjoining fields. They were working hard enough, but lest the time should seem long, they were quarreling in vigorous fashion, and, after time-honored Chinese custom, were relieving their minds by calling each other every variety of vile names that example had taught or ingenuity could suggest.

RICE-PLANTING

The missionary soon passed out of hearing of this domestic verbal combat, and at the close of the day returned to the village by another road. Remembering the scene of the morning, she inquired what had become of the man and his wife.

"Come out here and see," the villagers replied.

It was but a moment's walk and the missionary went out to see. What she saw was the same man and wife of the morning in adjacent fields, still quarreling. Both had completely lost voice and they were now standing making hideous faces at each other.

A Trip to Hell

"Would you—er—like to take a trip this morning to a Chinese hell?"

"Return tickets guaranteed?"

"If you pass the tests."

This Hinghwa Hell, like that of the modern pulpit, is sadly neglected and much out of repair. Time has faded its horrors and made almost undecipherable some of its painted tortures.

JUDGES OF THE ERRING

We found the old temple full of government soldiers. Chinese temples make excellent barracks, and no one objects. Permission to enter was easily obtained, and within an open court we found the ten torments painted on the walls, beginning, of course, at the right.

First comes the judge of Hades, a most unpleasant-looking party, standing in an attitude of fierce anger as a warning to all who might be inclined to come his way. Immediately following this official is the picture of the pool of green filth into which are thrust the unfortunate women who die in child-

birth. Just why this distressing punishment should be inflicted upon those women who fail in motherhood's supreme test does not appear. In point of fact, no one tries to justify any of the scenes that follow.

Hanging on trees with immense thorns thrust through their bodies are the men who have offended the law of propriety. For quack doctors is reserved the fate of being ground to pieces by rolling stones, after which come the stone mills of the gods, grinding up the disembodied souls of the unfortunates who have sinned.

The next scene is gruesome enough. A huge cross-cut saw is dragged back and forth over the prostrate body of a guilty sinner, who is slowly separated into two parts. A big chopping knife makes mincemeat of the next unfortunate. Over a roaring fire an iron toasting rack holds its own victim, and another poor sinner is bound to a red-hot cylinder and rolled about, writhing in torment.

A curious comment upon the scarcity of food is seen in the spectacle of a cauldron of boiling oil into which are plunged the people who have wasted rice when in the body. The last scene is that of a man into whose split-open back boiling oil is being poured in liberal quantities.

Much ingenuity has been displayed in devising these various tortures. These spirits must have been indestructible, or they would have been

ground to fog and vanished in smoke. It is much like the heroes of the comic supplement—smashed to bits, ground to powder, blown to the skies, eaten by elephants, yet appearing with smiling serenity in the next issue.

The most interesting thing about this exhibit is its striking likeness to the Purgatorio of the great Italian. We may smile or shudder over this Hinghwa Hell, but we are not so far removed from the same thing. Crude and ghastly as it is,

A FUNERAL CORTEGE

there is in it enough likeness to the Inferno to suggest some interesting reflections upon the slow development of religious ideals and the similarity of Chinese and Italian imaginations.

It is worthy of note that this old Hell is no longer a center of Chinese interest. Once it paid its promoters well; now it is a relic, and soon these faded walls will be bare. In the same city where I had to hunt for this barbarism of the past I found without difficulty crowded Christian schools, an industrial orphanage and farm, a large mission printing house, a well-equipped Christian

hospital, a Sunday morning congregation of two thousand, and within a year, over thirteen hundred had enrolled themselves as inquirers after the Christian way.

The brimstone and frying-pan hell may be out of fashion, but the saving grace of God is doing greater work than ever before.

SHRINES

Buddhism Not Dead

In a southern city of twenty-five thousand souls there are one hundred and twenty-five Buddhist temples. In the early morning hours the booming gongs of these shrines echo through the streets and out into the little valleys, and the shaven-headed priests are in evidence everywhere. Most of the buildings, like nearly all Chinese temples, are old and neglected, but two or three of them are in good repair and well kept. Up and down the Min River stand these temples and pagodas, most of them erected as propitiations to the spirits of the dangerous river. The number of temples in any given place seems to be about in proportion to the danger of the rapids at that particular point. The river men, in the

constant struggle with danger and frequent wrecks, feel that if they are to receive consideration at the hands of the spirits of the waters, they must do their part to support the temples that line the banks.

I visited the best-kept temple in Yen Ping with a missionary who maintained cordial relations with the priests of the place. Beautiful for situation, this temple was built on a great rock overhanging the river, and afforded a magnificent view of the water and hills beyond. The priests received us graciously and served refreshments while we enjoyed the cool air and beautiful view. Conversation soon drifted into a discussion of religious matters.

"Buddhism," the intelligent priest assured us, "is the best that the world has yet produced in the way of a religion for men. The great Buddha was the teacher who could point the way of life."

We suggested that while Buddha had taught many good things and true about the path of life, he had failed to furnish any power to enable his followers to walk therein. What was needed was some power to help men live right.

This, our friend admitted, was true. "But," he demurred, "what are you going to do about it? There is no help anywhere that can change the hearts of men. Evil desires are part of our natures and we cannot change them."

We suggested that Jesus Christ could change

the heart of a man so that he would no longer desire evil, but good. It was a matter of experience that those who followed him closely and loved him much did find power to live good lives instead of evil.

"Yes," he said, for he had heard of the "Jesus doctrine." "Yes, I know that you say so, but there is no Christ except in our own hearts. Every man is his own Christ. There is no other help."

"What hope is there, then, for men who wish to do better, if there is really no Christ, and Buddha cannot help us?"

With an unforgettable shrug of the shoulders he said: "There is no hope at all. We must do the best we can, that is all."

A PROCESSION

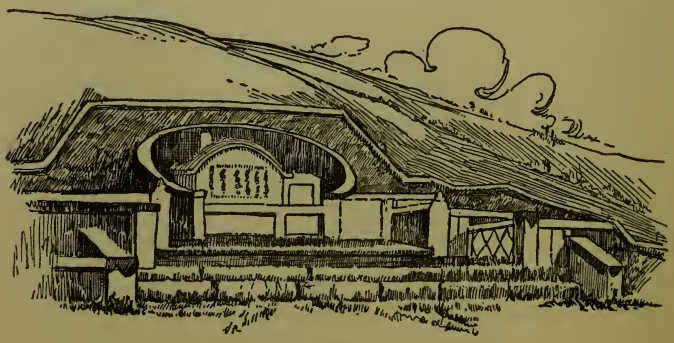
He showed us through the temples. They were clean and in good repair. Images, relics, carvings, chests, bells, and elaborate furnishings abounded. In the private apartments of this high priest the Buddha sat serenely on the writing table. Here was a little corner of beautiful ferns and there was the "heaven's well" with its light and air from above. Over there was the miniature pagoda, and very much in evidence was the cashbox for offerings of the devout.

Withal it was the best-kept temple and the most intelligent priest I had seen; it was Buddhism at its best, and the last word of that best that Buddhism had to say was this: "There is no hope. We must do the best we can, that is all."

And there are people who say that we do not need the Christian's God in China!

The Terror of Death

When a Chinese overseer, employer, or "lord of the boat" is put to his last extremity for curses,



CHINESE NOBLEMAN'S GRAVE

he brings out his fifteen-inch artillery and screams, "You will die, you will die, unless you do better than that." Beyond that dire threat there is nothing to be said.

There is a hopeless horror about death in a land where there is no hope beyond that we in a country of Christian ideals cannot know. There are plenty of people among us whose future prospects are no better than those of the pagan

Chinese, but Christian teaching has robbed death of its sting, even for the man who lays no claims to its ministry of comfort and hope.

A missionary in Shantung tells of traveling one bitter cold afternoon in the late hour when Chinese do not like to be abroad if they can help it. Amid the shadows a wail was heard beside the road. Investigation showed a Chinese mother prostrate on the ground, so possessed by her grief as to be oblivious to passers-by. To escape observation she had left the beaten path, and there beside her on the ground was the dead body of her child, frozen stiff. The child had died in the house where she lived, and, according to Shantung custom, because the baby was not yet old enough to be counted a human being it was not to be buried, but taken away somewhere, anywhere outside the village, and left for the dogs. Here she had brought it, and how could she leave it? Half-frozen herself, she cursed the demons of the earth

A WAIL WAS HEARD BESIDE THE ROAD

and air while she still caressed the cold form.

It is all a part of the theory that children who die young are not real human babies, but demons of some sort who come in the form of children to make trouble and expense for the parents. Is it any wonder that such people live all their lifetime subject to the bondage and fear of death?

What becomes of these babies who die young? Well, thanks to the missionary and his message, that matter is changing rapidly. The old baby towers are still in occasional use, but there are plenty of Chinese who have never known a baby to be left there alive. The dead babies are sometimes wrapped in grass or matting and taken out to be left there for the dogs. I never realized the sinister import of the expression, "Without are dogs," until I found this Chinese custom, now giving way to more Christian methods of caring for the dead. I had hard work to get a picture of these places; there was always some reason why we could "not go to-day," and when an obliging missionary took a photograph for me, the Chinese photographer who developed the films destroyed the negative. He was ashamed of it.

The terror of death in China is the settled horror of a life that faces nothing beyond the grave, unless it be the torments of a Buddhist hell. It is the despair of a thinking that has never known the triumphant formula, "I am the resurrection and the life."

CHAPTER II

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH

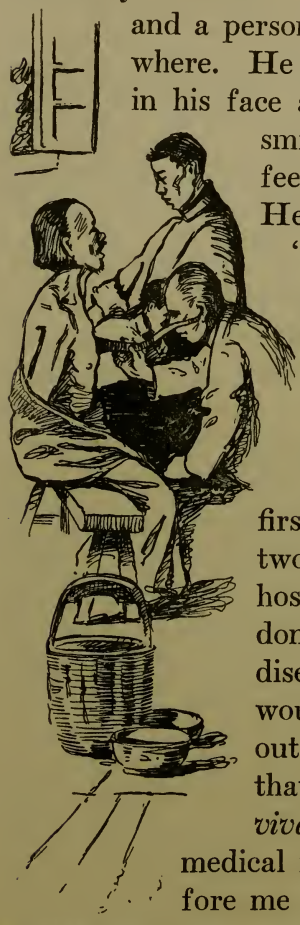
The Medical Missionary—Painless Dentistry—Shocking Stories—Guaranteed Cures—Filthy Houses—Chinese Lepers—Strenuous Medical Practice—A Chinese Woman Physician—Prayer and Surgery—An Impromptu Operating Room—Shot "Forty-two Days Ago"—Dispensary Every Morning—An All-Around Man—Medical Missionaries' Holidays.

The Medical Missionary

Are medical missionaries really needed in China? Put it this way: Are physicians needed in China? If so, then missionary doctors are inevitable, for down to the present time there are practically no other doctors of modern training in this whole land of four hundred millions of people.

What kind of men go out as medical missionaries? Can a graduate of a third-grade school with moderate ability and a love of leisure avoid the hard grind and keen competition of home practice and, without the need of constant study and diligent reading, reign as a miracle-worker in a land where he will be a wonder because everybody else is incompetent and helpless?

Take the following for an answer. It is the testimony of a man of keen mind, warm heart, and a personality that would win anywhere. He has the marks of efficiency in his face and his step. He has the smile that makes his patients feel better as soon as he comes. Here is his answer:



AN EXAMINATION

"I thought I had made a pretty thorough preparation for this field. I had a literary degree from one of the largest American universities and a four years' medical course in a first-grade school. I spent two years as interne in a big hospital and one year in London specializing in Oriental diseases. I thought that it would be rather plain sailing out here; but do you know that it has kept me on the *qui vive* to keep up with these medical missionaries who came before me and have been accumulating experience while I was in school? These fellows out here could qualify at home as high specialists in their lines and represent about the last word on their subjects. Some

of them have made valuable contributions to medical science, and they have had me hustling ever since I arrived."

The candidate for distinguished leisure had better look elsewhere.

"They have their own doctors in China and do not need ours."

Yes, they do have their own doctors and their own system of medicine, and it is worthy of a few pages. Let us look at some of the native work.

There is a municipal clinic conducted by a big city in central China for the benefit of the poor. A medical missionary with sympathetic intent visited this institution, and here is what he found:

Seven doctors were employed in this worthy effort to help the helpless. Three of the seven were "inside" doctors, three were "outside" doctors, and one was an apopuncture specialist. External and internal medicine are sharply divided in many parts of China. A man with an arrow through his arm is sent to the outside doctor, who neatly clips the arrow on each side of the arm and then sends the sufferer to the inside doctor, who must finish the case.

Prescriptions are decidedly ultra-allopathic so far as quantity goes. Vast packages of roots, herbs, weeds, bugs, insects, and various ingredients included for their occult values are boiled together and the resultant stew taken according to directions.

The apopuncture specialist had an equipment of some dozen german-silver needles and the always-essential chart covered with the black dots where a hat pin may be run into a man without killing him. This chart is largely for advertising purposes, the specialist being able to follow his own knowledge of anatomy most of the time.

Several patients were waiting for treatment, among them an old man with sore eyes.

"What can you do with a case like that?" inquired the missionary.

"That is not a difficult case," the specialist declared. "Let me show you how to treat it."

Whereupon the Chinese practitioner felt around the man's right eye until he found a spot somewhere over near the nose. Then with a quick jab he inserted the needle a half inch or more. The helpless coolie gave a very perceptible start, but uttered no sound. A moment later the left eye also had its treatment, and the victim sat there upon his stool with a knitting needle sticking straight out of each eye, doubtless trying to ease his torture by the process of persuading himself that it must be doing much good or it would not hurt so much.

Painless Dentistry

China has dentists of her own, and they are not so different from the jaw-breakers of a century ago who twisted the teeth out of the mouths of

our unfortunate grandparents with the old-fashioned turnkeys.

There is progressive dentistry, however, in China, and down in Foochow "painless extraction" is advertised and practiced. The method is complicated but ingenious: Administer large doses of calomel, until the patient is thoroughly salivated. Then pick out his teeth at random until the right one is secured. And the process works so well that one medical missionary has found several cases of incurable necrosis of the jaw bone caused by such "dentistry."

Shocking Stories

She was a graduate nurse missionary in charge of a big hospital. Standing in the corridor of the new building dedicated to the relief of suffering humanity she said:

"The folks at home sometimes do not want to know what we are doing here. When I was in the States on my last furlough I was asked to speak before a gathering of very nice-looking ladies. When I arose I asked, 'What do you want me to talk about?'

" 'Tell us about your work,' they said.

"So I told them about my work, but I did not tell them the worst of it by any means. I did tell them of some of the cases that we get in here, and I tried to be fair to the whole situation. When I had finished my speech a richly dressed lady

arose and said: 'Well, if this is what I am to listen to at missionary meetings, I shall remain at home in the future. I was told that it would be an interesting address to-day and it has been one horrible story after another.' With this deliverance, the shocked hearer started for the door and some of the other women were nodding their heads in approval."

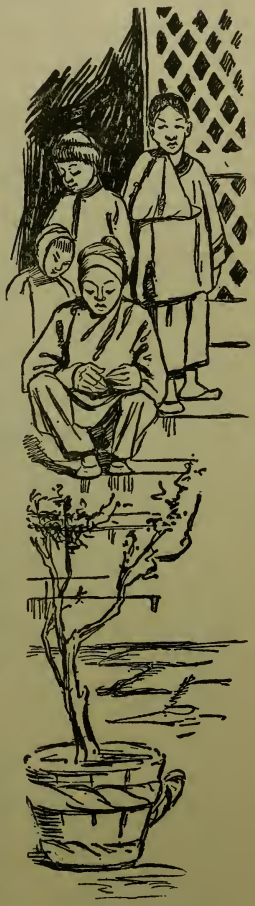
GOING TO THE HOSPITAL

"What did you do?" I asked that energetic nurse.

"What did I do?" she repeated with a snap in her eyes. "What did I do? I raised my voice and said: 'Just wait a minute, please. You people asked me to come here and speak. After I came you asked me to tell about my work. I have told you in part, but I have not told you the worst of it by any means. It seems you do not enjoy such stories. Listen to this then: You sent me over there as your representative. If I can stand it to stay there and do that work for seven years at a stretch, I guess you can stand it

to sit here in cushioned pews and hear me tell about it for thirty minutes at a time.' "

"Good for you," I said. And she smiled.



WOMEN PATIENTS

Guaranteed Cures

Here is a typical case from Dr. Li Bu Ci, at the Ngu Cheng Women's Hospital.

A ten-months-old baby was brought into the hospital, suffering with convulsions. The distracted mother demanded a positive assurance of certain cure before she would leave the baby for treatment. Foreign medicine was uncertain; it was best to be sure before taking such a risk with the Chinese doctor who had learned so much in America.

Dr. Li, being both intelligent and honest, could not guarantee a cure, but did promise to do her very best. Being given twenty-four hours in which to show her power, she spent most of the night with the baby, and when the mother came the next day the child was quiet, but still a very sick baby. Seeing that the

baby was still ill, and being unable to secure a guarantee of cure, the mother said that she knew of a Chinese doctor who would give her an absolute assurance of cure, and off to him she went with the unfortunate infant.

To this native exorciser the mother came and besought him to drive the demon from her baby. After prompt diagnosis of the case as that of possession by an evil spirit, "treatment" was at once begun by the needle process. Sixty times the hot point was driven through the baby's tongue, and cure not immediately following, fire was applied to the hands and wrists of the writhing child. Ten days later the baby died—of torture. The child was "cured" at last and its sufferings ended.

"That is what we have to work with all the time," the little Chinese doctor remarked, simply and earnestly, and to-day at Ngu Cheng she is working with "that," even as her Master cast out devils and healed the sick of Galilee.

Filthy Houses

The Chinese character for "home" is sometimes made up of one sign for a roof combined with another sign for a pig—which is to say that a good pig is a very important factor in domestic affairs in China.

There is more than that to say, however, about Chinese homes. A Chinese has a place for every-

thing, and that place is his house. Therein he places, upon occasion, his pigs and potatoes, chickens and children, cows and corn, ducks and dogs, beans and bananas, and everything else in one indiscriminate jumble and confusion.

Since brooms and scrubbing brushes are unknown, the age of a Chinese house may be approximated by the degree of dirt that has accumulated since it was first built. Open upon the village street, the full conglomerate of contents is upon exhibition for the benefit of all passersby. There is no window glass, and the interiors are dark except for the doors and "heaven's well" in the roof, midway of the gables.

If the reader thinks this to be the verdict of a prejudiced foreigner, listen to this opinion of a native Chinese woman, educated in an American medical school and trained in American ideas of housekeeping. She is surely competent to pass intelligent judgment on the case:

"Chinese houses are not so bad in dry weather; one can endure them then. But I am often called in wet and rainy weather to give medical aid to women in these dark houses, and there have been times when I have been compelled to work a few minutes over the sick, and then run out in the fresh air to get my breath, before going back for another siege. It is the devil of dirt that possesses the average Chinese home and brings all sorts of ills in with him."

Chinese Lepers

There are lepers in China, uncounted thousands of them, and the missionary takes them as part of his day's work without fear or surprise.

LEPERS

Ask any seasoned missionary whether he is not afraid to work among the "unclean," and he will smile. He is there to minister, and the leprosy of a human being never prevents him from going about his Master's business. Much has been made of the story of a priest who went years ago to the leper island of the Pacific. The story is all right, and the service was a real one. But there are hundreds of missionaries to-day who are working with lepers every week and saying nothing about it. These men never think of themselves as examples of unusual courage.

There are leper villages in many of the Chinese cities. Here the unfortunates live together, not with any idea of hygiene or isolation, but for purely economic reasons; they can organ-

ize their begging better. The more hideous the deformity, the higher the commercial value of the victim. And every copper counts in the struggle for rice and fish.

Here in Foochow is a leper village of about five hundred people. Not all of these "citizens" are lepers. Some of the more wealthy lepers have been able to buy non-leprous wives from healthy families, and not all of the children of these unions are lepers. They all live together, and there is little objection to the marriage of a healthy girl with a man who is a leper, provided he has plenty of money.

For some reason no one takes any interest in these unfortunates except the missionary. From the Woman's Hospital the chief nurse goes once or twice a month and conducts a dispensary for the relief of acute ills. A brick church stands as a spiritual lighthouse, and back of the church are living rooms for the Bible woman who labors there. There are a Sunday school and a Chinese pastor who holds services.

These lepers have one peculiarity: they object to being photographed; but a few stolen snaps yield some good subjects.

Here is a typical leper village situated a mile out from an interior town of twenty-five thousand people. Eighty lepers live here, some of them in advanced stages of the disease. As we enter the village through the gate they swarm about us with

the Christian salutation, "Ping ang, ping ang" ("Peace unto you"). To these people all foreigners are Christians, as they have seen practically no others. Many of these unfortunates are devoted worshipers in the little white church within the wall. We ring the church bell, and they come hobbling from everywhere and sit patiently while we take their pictures. A half dozen frightful specimens pose for us, while we record their features, or absence of features, and when we start on our way they exclaim, "Walk slowly, walk slowly." It is the polite "Don't hurry away" of the Chinese.

"Really, are you never afraid of them?" I ask the missionary as we go our way.

"O no, it's part of the job," he remarks, and with that closes the case. There is something further on that he wants to show me.

It is worthy of note that these particular lepers have asked this missionary to try to provide them with some form of employment so that they can support themselves by work and stop begging for a living.

Strenuous Medical Practice

There is nothing dull about a medical missionary's life in time of revolution, nor any other time for that matter. Here is a sample:

In an interior province the governor caused the execution of a man accused of crime. The

brother of the victim was a close friend of the city governor, or mayor of the capital. One day while this man was visiting the mayor the provincial governor called upon the municipal court, and the visitor, seeing the slayer of his brother, shot him dead on the spot.

THE VISITOR . . . SHOT HIM DEAD

Vast confusion followed. High indignation over this outrage stirred the city governor to condemn his friend to execution without formal trial. The dignity of the yamen must be enforced, regardless of personal friendships. Soldiers rushed in, shots were fired, the assassin fell to the ground, was carried out, the body covered, and peace reigned once more. The man was reported dead.

Now for the missionary. That night the medical missionary in the city was sent for to come at once to the governor's yamen. He went as requested, and after a long wait was told that the man he had come to see was now dead. He was not permitted to return, however, but was kept waiting another hour in an outer

room where refreshments were served. Later in the evening, other servants came and escorted him to an inner room, where, after another long delay, he was approached by an official who led him through several other rooms. At last they reached a couch on which lay a man whom the doctor was requested to examine. A small wound was found in his back, possibly caused by a weak, spent bullet. This the physician dressed and advised the official that it did not appear to be serious, but would probably heal shortly.

The next day a deputation came to the hospital and asked whether, for a consideration, arrangements could be made to take a private patient for a few days. He must be kept in a secluded room and must see no visitors. This arrangement was made, and after dark two men brought a barrel to the hospital, which when opened was found to contain the wounded man of the night before. He was shut up in the private room and kept quiet. Within a few days, however, inquiries began to arrive and unpleasant insinuations were floating about the hospital. When these questions became too close and searching and the doctor's explanation that it was "unprofessional to discuss his patients" no longer sufficed, the now rapidly recovering man was removed in a fishing boat at night and sent indirectly to Shanghai. He was tried in the International Court and sent to jail, where the case was appealed.

At this stage of the story an uncle of the accused man went to the jail, bribed the warden, and changed places with the accused. When the trial took place he proved that he was never in the city where the murder was committed, had nothing whatever to do with the case, and when acquitted, turned about and sued the accusers for damages inflicted upon him by this prosecution. And by Chinese methods, he did get four thousand Mexican dollars to salve his wounded feelings. The real culprit was never heard from again.

Who says that a missionary has no adventures?

THE WOMAN HERSELF IS IMPRESSIVE

A Chinese Woman Physician

There are a few Chinese women, educated in Western medicine, perhaps one physician to forty or fifty million people. That were surely a sufficient constituency for building up a practice. Here is one of these rare women: She manages a dispensary and small hospital in a big city. This woman herself is impressive. She is refined, cultured, intelligent, and motherly of bear-

ing. Sympathetically and cordially she greets the visitor, and her manner is that of a queen of her own kingdom. Her English is excellent, her Chinese faultless (so I am told), and she has built up a big practice among the women of Chinese homes who cannot or will not come to the hospital dispensary. In the nobility of her expressive countenance speaks the undeveloped power of Chinese womanhood waiting for its chance to be heard and felt in Chinese life. When once the women of China are unbound of foot and mind and heart, they will be heard and felt in China for the vast good of the people.

THE PRAYER

Prayer and Surgery

What has prayer to do with successful surgery? Ask a missionary doctor who works from two to four hours a day in his operating room and with scanty equipment and shows an astonishingly high per cent of successful cases. It is a matter of principle and practice with the surgeon to drop on his

knees and offer a prayer before every operation. With almost clocklike regularity he has been known, in revolution times, to work on hour after hour, cool of head, steady of nerve. One operation finished, the next patient is brought in and the doctor drops on his knees a moment for an audible petition for wisdom and help from on high, and then goes on with his work.

For some reason the prayer seems in no way to interfere with the recovery of the patient, a matter which the Chinese are not slow to perceive. The records of his hospital show remarkably high averages in difficult cases. Does the prayer affect the vitality of the patient, the nerve and judgment of the doctor, or does it "release" forces of spiritual life which work for the healing of the body? Or does the God who noteth every sparrow's fall, just simply hear the humble and earnest petition and grant help in time of need? Who shall say? Perhaps all these are right. But this much is clear, that none but praying doctors are ready to go to the relief of that vast volume of untold misery that tortures one fourth of the human race. An operation and a prayer, a prayer and an operation, faith and works, petition and practice—in such manner the Kingdom comes to suffering humanity.

An Impromptu Operating Room

"I am not specializing in surgery just now,"

she said in her carefully phrased, foreign-learned English.

We stood in the "operating room" of her women's hospital, the only hospital of any sort within one hundred and twenty li, and when I looked about the room I marveled that she used the term "surgery" at all. The architect had planned the room correctly enough—position, light, and ventilation—but the total equipment was something like this.

1 wooden table in the middle of the room.

1 washboiler (used as sterilizer).

1 small old board table in corner.

1 cupboard, containing one cross-cut saw, one carving knife and several small devices unnamable by the uninitiated.

It would have been funny had it not been so pathetic.

"O yes," she went on in her charming way, "we do a lot of simple surgery here, and can handle all sorts of minor cases, but a capital operation—ah!" and she spread her hands with a comical gesture that expressed more than words.

There she stood, one hundred and twenty pounds of trained Chinese womanhood, educated in arts and literature, trained in medicine and surgery surrounded by the board table and washboiler outfit—but she was not specializing in surgery just then! I should say not! But she was a specialist in using makeshifts.

"This is our clinical room," she proceeded. "It is early yet; soon they will come fast."

A dozen people in various stages of dirt, distress, and dilapidation sat about the room waiting for the troubling of the healing waters by this efficient little Chinese angel of ministration.

She walked up to a ragged coolie seated on a stool and looking as if he had not a friend in the world. Pulling up his eyelid, she remarked, "This is what we have so much of here." What "this" might be I had not the slightest idea, hence I ventured a question.

"What do you do for that?"

She told me—in technical terms—and I shall betray no professional secrets by repeating it here.

As might be supposed, in this land of large families the maternity ward did a thriving business. Social standing is measured by the size of one's family, and native midwifery is of the crudest sort. Any unusual complication means death by torture, and after that the pool of green filth for the unfortunate mother who has failed in her supreme duty—but that is another story.

Do these people appreciate the work of the hospital? If they do not, they certainly act very strangely, for they come from near and far—thirty, forty and fifty per day—and they send from far and near for that little doctor to come to those who cannot reach the hospital. When a

Chinese is too ill to bring to the doctor he is usually as good as dead.

How much help does the little doctor employ to care for these hundred dispensary patients and the wards full of in-patients? No help at all except that which she has trained herself while at work. There are a half dozen Chinese women whom she has taught to mix drugs, apply bandages, dress ulcers, boil water, apply local anæsthetics, and generally do what they are told to do. There is no trained nurse nor medical student within forty English miles.

The missionary told me a joke the next day—it was on the noted foreign doctor, for whom he had sent to administer to the child an antitoxin for which the little Chinese doctor had no ingredients. He came the long journey, and made ready the treatment while talking sociably with the little black-eyed Chinese doctor, who watched his every move. Carefully the specialist sterilized his needle, and then, absent-mindedly, in the midst of a story, drew forth his handkerchief and wiping the needle, laid it on the board table before the astonished little woman. "What do you think of that?" she gasped under her breath.

Shot "Forty-Two Days Ago"

We were going through the wards of the Yeng Ping Hospital. The doctor had been away at Conference for a week, and there were faces old

and new to greet him. Some of the welcomes received were good to see. In one of the men's wards on a plain cot lay a man with a pain-drawn face and a left leg swollen to three times its normal size. He was too weak to give a clear account of his condition, but the always-present relative explained that this man had been working in the mountains, where "forty-two days ago" he had been shot by a bandit. Since that time he had received no care other than an occasional supply of rice and water. He had been left to die or get well, and since he had done neither within a reasonable time, he had been brought to the hospital as a puzzle for the foreign doctor.

SHOT "FORTY-TWO DAYS AGO"

After a brief examination the doctor murmured, "Poor fellow, he is in a frightful condition."

Not being a medical man, I felt competent to express a lay opinion. I took a good look at the sufferer and remarked, "Doctor, that man is going to die."

"No," he assured me. "He is a Chinese, and a Chinaman never is dead until he stops breathing."

As we walked up the hill to the compound the doctor meditated aloud concerning this case. "It may be best," he considered, "to amputate that leg."

"But, Doctor Skinner," I objected, "that man is going to die."

"No," asserted the doctor. "He is a Chinaman, and you can't tell about it."

The next morning I walked into the operating room, camera in hand. The unfortunate victim of the robber's bullet was on the table, anæsthetic administered, while the near-of-kin, Chinese style, stood hard by to represent the family.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Well, if he were not a Chinese, I would not do anything but make him comfortable till the end. Chinese though he be, I am afraid to take off that leg. I am going to clean out that wound."

While the doctor worked I took a picture, and then he filled a small pan with handfuls of splintered bone dug from that bullet hole enlarged for the purpose.

I watched the process, and as I gazed the fire burned and I opened my mouth and spoke.

"Doctor, that man is going to die."

"Doubtless he will, some day," he remarked, cheerfully. "Still, you never can tell; he is a Chinaman."

Did he die? He did not, for he was a Chinese, and I am now convinced that he owes his life to the skill and faith of one missionary surgeon.

Dispensary Every Morning

Did you ever visit a missionary hospital during dispensary hours? One forenoon so spent saves months of argument, volumes of statistics, and tons of persuasion on the subject of medical missions.

Are you ready? My first visit to a clinic was a surprise and withal a shock, and I came out of the ordeal a little unsteady in nerve. If you are not feeling very well to-day, put off this trip till to-morrow. But if you are ready, we will proceed. Here we are!

EIGHT COPPERS REQUIRED AS A FEE

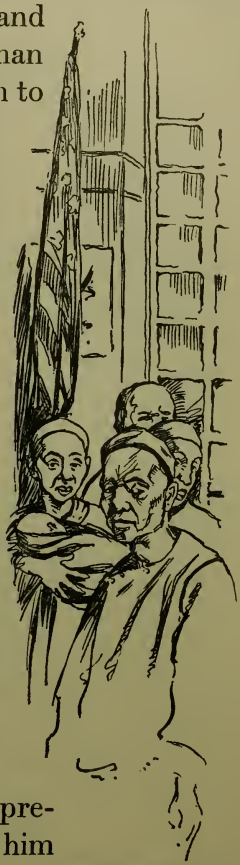
On top of a beautiful wooded hill by the Yangtse River stands a large brick building with its clean wards, cool corridors, and well-equipped operating room. Leave that for the present.

Down here at the foot of the hill stands a galvanized iron house originally built by the government for military purposes and afterward turned over to the hospital for clinical use. At this early hour the little waiting room is already crowded with an aggregation of lame, halt, and blind humanity seeking physical relief. They look on helplessly while being photographed. There is no resistance in them.

Here come the doctor and two or three Chinese assistants. One of these helpers takes his place in the waiting room by the door leading into the doctor's office and collects the eight coppers required as a fee. That is to say, he collects it provided the patient has or can get it; otherwise the indigent get in just the same. In no case can he enter, however, without the little bamboo stick, a red one if a new patient, white if a repeater. Eight coppers represent something like three cents in coin of the United States, and be it said to the credit of this bedraggled remnant of humanity that nearly all of them manage to get together the cash for each visit. That eight coppers is as much for them as two or three dollars for an American mechanic.

Here sits our medical man, coat off, sleeves rolled up, behind his little table with his big record book. He is quite worth a moment of our time, is this fellow there. Clean-cut, vigorous, and alert, he represents the best that a great

American university, a first-grade medical school, two years' hospital practice, and a year in London can do for a man who has heart and brain enough to take away with him what the schools have to give to him as he goes through. He is good to look upon, and the sympathetic touch of his life has a therapeutic value not to be lightly regarded.



NUMBER SIX IS A WOMAN WITH A BABY IN HER ARMS

But here comes Number One patient, and we will have to drop the doctor and attend to business. This is a second-visit patient who came last week with malaria and needs more quinine. It takes less than half a minute, record in hand, to ascertain these facts, and Number One proceeds into the dispensary with a slip from the doctor which, when presented to the dispenser, gets him what is needed.

Number Two, also a former patient, needs a change of treatment and requires something like two minutes to get at certain facts in his case. Number Three, a first-time patient, lifts a bare and dirty leg, on

the shank of which is an ulcer four inches across, filled with pus. The flesh about the red swelling has been burned and blistered by traditional Chinese treatment until it resembles nothing that is human. Our doctor gives one glance at the leg, hands out a ticket with a number on it, and turns to the next patient without a word. Leg ulcers in China are as common as dirty babies, and every doctor knows them by heart. Number Four reports various vague symptoms, arouses the doctor's suspicions, and after a few short and pointed questions, confesses to immoral living as the cause of his complaint, and goes on into the next room to get his medicine. Number Five is a ten-year-old boy, red-eyed and doubled up in agony, who stumbles in and rolls on the floor in torment. The doctor leaves his chair, makes a swift but careful examination, and mutters, "Stone in the bladder." Then, suddenly remembering his visitor, he asks, "Do you want to see an operation this afternoon?"

NUMBER SEVEN

Number Six is a woman with a baby in her arms, and the baby is covered from head to foot with ulcers, a sight to make one shudder. "That's nothing," remarks the medical man, "we get them much worse than that. They can be cured by careful attention. The hardest job we have is to keep these people clean."

Number Seven, a coolie, has a loathsome and hideous case of venereal disease. Number Eight has bad eyes. Number Nine has a rupture and requires an operation. Number Ten has two bad ulcers, one on an arm and one on a leg.

"Half of our work falls under three heads," remarks the doctor, "bad eyes, leg ulcers, and venereal diseases."

Number Eleven appears—a woman with a baby in arms. I take one instant's look at the poor, miserable little thing and involuntarily turn away with a shudder. "Horrors, what is that?"

REPULSIVE AND DIFFICULT WORK

"That? Why, that's gangrene," remarks the doctor, casually. The baby's mouth is one ulcerated horror, and the mother goes her way into the dispensary to wait till the doctor can himself attend to the case.

"But, Doctor, what are you going to do with that baby?"

"O, I'll cauterize the mouth and then cure it up."

"But won't the baby die?"

"O yes, some time, I suppose; but we handle those cases pretty well here. It will die of something else besides that mouth."

On they come, till Number Fifty-eight makes the last entry, and the doctor makes his way into the dispensary to give personal attention to the cases that were too bad for his assistants to handle. The simple cases have gone their way long ago, but the gangrenous baby, the repulsive prodigal, the surgical cases, all the repulsive and difficult work he must do with his own hands. And the man who could not raise the eight coppers got the same skillful treatment as though he had brought ten talents of silver and twenty changes of raiment.

This is one morning's work. Six days in the week he sits there working with this ragged, miserable trail of humanity, pouring out the best skill and training of the twentieth century into these offscourings of wretchedness and suffer-

ing. There is something about it that stirs a man's blood and makes a lump rise in his throat. I went out into the fresh air and looked up at the blue sky and thought of Him who had compassion on the multitude and healed them.

And what does he get for it all, the best product of the last word in medical science? What does he get? He gets one thousand dollars per year for himself and his family. The big Methodist Church sends him out there and pays him that "salary" to do the work that Jesus Christ left to us to finish.

An All-Around Man

What makes a good missionary? Put it this way: What makes a man able to meet all the problems and perplexities of life, multiplied by differences in race and language?

A certain missionary, weary and worn, came one night to the home of a brother missionary, a medical man, as it happened. The traveler was sick, and the doctor, of course, gave him medicine for his healing. His hair was overlong from weeks upon the road, and the doctor turned barber with satisfactory results. The traveler's watch was broken, and the doctor repaired it. The lock on his chest was out of order, and that was soon mended. His glasses were out of their frames, but these were soon in good repair. An aching tooth was filled, and when the pilgrim went

his way he left the doctor making a wooden leg for a Chinese whose limb he had amputated three months before.

The list of achievements of that particular missionary was by no means exhausted. His compound contains trees which bear fruits, the like of which were never seen nor tasted in that part of the world until their seeds were planted, or buds were imported and grown on native roots. California lemons flourish on Chinese roots in Chinese soil and are eagerly sought after by foreigners miles away. Navel oranges, deciduous fruits and berries all combine to transplant the homeland into that Chinese acre. And this is but the beginning of what is planned.

The only telephone in the town, or within five hundred miles for that matter, circuits the three missionary homes and the hospital across the ravine. From a fine spring back in the hills is piped the only running water in any house within hundreds of miles. So pure is this water that it may be used "raw" for drinking. The missionary-built church in this town is the best lighted and ventilated building in the place. The missionaries' homes set an example of domestic cleanness and comfort. Three missionary schools furnish the only education in the town worth the name. Friendly relations are maintained with Chinese officials who look upon these foreigners as a benefit to the place. One hundred and

twenty-five miles inland, this city escapes treaty-port demoralizations, and every man in the place knows and respects the six missionaries who constitute the entire foreign population within forty miles of the town. It is such conditions as this that cause the native to substitute the euphemism "foreign child" for the stronger term, "foreign devil."

What do the natives think of this transplanting of the twentieth century into the changeless superstition and dirt of the Oriental city by the river? Some may think one thing and some another, but this item may be significant: The Chinese ruler of that city himself imbibed foreign and progressive ideas, and he has just ordered that the town shall be transformed. Its streets are to be cleaned, a public water works installed, and, most wonderful of all, a sort of sewer system is to be put in working order. He means business and has the money for the work, and—this is the climax—he has appointed the medical missionary to oversee the entire job and spend all the money.

Do missionaries have any influence with the natives? Can that medical man manage that job? Yea, verily!

Medical Missionaries' Holidays

Modern missionaries have pretty well learned the lesson of recreation and relaxation, and most of them take time enough from their work to keep

in good trim for the year. While on their fields during the busy months, however, it is difficult to find time for any rest at all.

Two missionary friends met one day and agreed to take a half day off and just do what they felt like doing. Whereupon they proceeded to repair their mechanical and surgical equipment, cut each other's hair, and fill each other's teeth.

Two women medical missionaries made a similar experiment one day and resolved that for the afternoon they would be neither missionaries, nor doctors, nor teachers, nor leaders—not, in fact, anything else at all except "just women."

After due consideration it was agreed that the most appropriate thing for "just women" to do would be to sew, and to this they addressed themselves. Sewing seemed like old times, and in ten minutes they were as happy as birds in a nest, discussing the problems of dressmaking.

Before fifteen minutes had passed, an emergency call came in, and both doctors were needed to care for the unfortunate. But never mind, accidents will happen anywhere. Back to the sewing again.

A few minutes later a case was brought in requiring anæsthetics, and an hour's hard work intervened before sewing could be thought of again. Later one of the nurses was scalded, a baby died, and trouble in the hospital laundry demanded

immediate adjustment. When the afternoon was gone, two weary but cheerful medical missionaries gazed ruefully at a pile of sewing that had received scant attention since noon.

"Being 'just women' is a failure," they declared.

CHAPTER III

THE MISSIONARY AT WORK

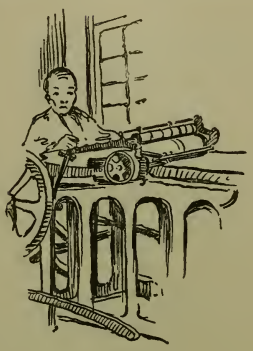
The Big Job—The "Mistakes" of Missionaries—Keeping Up with a Missionary—Camping in Church—Eight Miles of Abuse Per Day—Meals a la Chinese—Flight Under Difficulties—Breaking Up an Opium Joint—Missionary Tiger-Hunting.

The Big Job

Perhaps the most impressive thing about missionary work in China is the vastness of the job and the solid strength of the forces that are working at it. China is an enormous conjurer's bag, out of which may be taken the most varied and astonishing assortment of things of human interest that the eyes of men have yet beheld. There seems to be no bottom to the bag nor no end to the assortment.

A mere dictionary of mission forces and operations in China makes a volume too large to carry about. A list of missionary names makes up a book like a city directory. One mission headquarters at Shanghai, with its well-kept lawn surrounded by administration buildings, stores, hospital, and official residences, suggests a college campus.

Here is a mission print "shop." The reader may think of a little room somewhere with three or four natives helping a hungry-looking missionary print a few tracts. Well, think again and think of a four-story building where over two hundred people are employed in carrying out every branch of the printing business under one interdenominational management. American, French, and Chinese type are cast in the type foundry on the first floor. Five cylinder and six job presses sing the clanking song of toil. In the stock room thirty thousand dollars' worth of paper lies waiting for the knife. Up in the composing room there are fonts of Chinese type with eight thousand separate characters, all made in the foundry below. In the bindery are rows of Chinese girls who fold and stitch and assemble the book sheets.



A MISSION PRINT SHOP

LETTERS BY THE WAY

At the head of this establishment, in his private office, sits a missionary, quiet, competent and strong, making a success of his job against Chinese competition, and doing it on a missionary's salary. Where is another "call" that can induce a man of his caliber to do that?

Speaking of men, these fellows who are doing the big things and manage the large enterprises out there are not boys nor experimenters, they are men. There are missionaries who could run the Standard Oil business or govern a State or manage a railroad. They administer big projects and deal in world-movements and bring success out of hard situations. There are a few of them who could live in the White House with credit to the nation. The secretary of the China Education Association is a missionary, the same missionary, by the way, who engineered the fortifying of the Legation quarters during the Boxer outbreak in Peking

and did as much as any one man to save the lives of the foreigners in that besieged city. He is so modest that he will scold if he sees this, but since no names are mentioned, not much damage is done.

These big fellows are doing their best in difficult situations, sometimes in lonely places, and are living on the "support" paid them by missionary societies that have sent them out there to do or to die—often to do both. If any man thinks this is a play job, let him cross the Pacific and try it for himself. But let him really see the men and taste their daily lives, and not spend a day on shore while the big liner is in port, and use that one day to see the foreign quarter and the tenderloin. On the deck of a steamer in Yokohama harbor one day I heard a man say: "Am I going ashore? O well, I suppose so. All I want here is a cane and a drink of whisky." And this on his first visit to the place where Perry opened the gates of the sunrise. That is the kind of man who goes home and reports that "the missionary gang is doing nothing." He knows because he has "been there and seen" for himself!

The "Mistakes" of Missionaries

The volume, venom, and force of missionary criticism in the Orient is something hard for the tourist to understand. On board the transpacific liners, in treaty-port hotels, on the "bund" of

every water front one hears of the laziness, inefficiency, dishonesty, and immorality of the meddling missionary. The uninitiated traveler wonders what in the world the missionary can have done to incur so much displeasure. The smoking rooms of the big steamers, the clubs of the larger cities, and the community life of the Orient all bear witness to the condemnation which the missionary has incurred at the hands of the men who are in the East for revenue only.

Sometimes the missionary "comes back" at these railing accusations, but usually he pays no heed, being too busy. It happened one evening in the lounging room of a big steamer that a man of vast size, florid face, and loud voice was discoursing at great length on the general shortcomings of missionaries. He knew all about them, he did, and for an hour he entertained the company with a general dissertation upon this joke of all the earth. As for himself, he could abide none of them. He was a man of health and vigor, so he said. He slept well, he ate well, he worked well—in short, he was about right, and no man could enjoy life more than he.

At this point a small and demure woman arose and approached the big man and remarked that she as a physician had lived some years in the Orient and doubted whether the speaker were in as good health as he supposed. "I can usually tell," she said, "by a man's pulse whether Oriental

conditions are not, in fact, undermining his health just when he is sure that all is well."

The human porpoise was manifestly interested. "Would you object to feeling of my pulse?" he asked.

"Certainly not," she replied.

By this time everyone was interested, and for a moment there was perfect silence while the little doctor held the big man's wrist.

When he could stand it no longer, he asked, "Well, do you find anything?"

"Yes, I do," she said, seriously enough. "Yes —I do."

"What is it?"

"I do not wish to frighten you, but in untechnical terms, you have what is known as a well-developed case of the American bighead. I am one of those missionaries, you know."

It seems that the only people who are not busy criticizing the missionaries are the people who know something about them and their work. Almost anyone else can give you a complete list of their shortcomings. A little experience with the critics throws a flood of light on the reasons for their antagonism. When a man goes to a foreign country solely for profit-at-any-price, when his own life is a constant violation of the Ten Commandments, when his ideal of a good time is a debauch, it is not strange that the life and labor of the missionary is a constant irritation. It is

the world-old conflict between selfishness and sensualism on one hand and unselfishness and idealism on the other.

Here are some of the common criticisms, arranged in pairs to save need of comment. I have heard them all at some time.

1. The missionary tries to change the religion of the people who are well enough off with the religion they now have.

2. The missionary compromises his teachings and adapts them too much to his hearers.

1. The missionary pretends to give the heathen a modern education with no equipment worthy of the name. He should do better school work or stop talking about education.

2. The missionary wastes money in building elaborate schools that the people don't want. There is no demand for education among the heathen. They should be content with a log having a teacher at one end and a boy at the other. That was good enough for our fathers.

1. The missionaries live in wealth and luxury in houses far better than some of their church members, even better than some houses in America. If you want to see real aristocrats, look at the missionaries.

2. The missionaries live in the poorest houses of any foreigners in the lands in which they work. They should keep closer to the standards set by foreign business men who live in the only way

that makes it possible to keep well and stay on the job.

1. The missionary is so solemn and prudish that he looks like one continual funeral. He is not a "good mixer" and spreads thoughts of gloom and eternity wherever he goes.

2. The missionary is so frivolous that he never becomes serious enough to do any good. He divides his time between tennis and jokes. He should take himself more seriously or come home.

1. The missionary abuses the natives. He beats his servants, domineers over his converts, meddles with government officials, and generally makes trouble wherever he goes.

2. The missionary is so easy-going and slack-twisted that the natives have no respect for him. Anybody can run over a missionary.

1. The missionary is a man of evil life and vile personal habits. He spreads wickedness among the moral heathen everywhere he goes. It would not be proper to print the things that he does.

2. The missionary stands so straight in moral matters that he leans over backward. He is so puritanical that no one can live with him.

1. The missionary has no business sense. He knows nothing of property values, and is so other-worldly and helpless that anyone can cheat him at sight.

2. The missionary is so shrewd and unscrupulous that no property is safe in his hands. He

buys up the best land at bargain prices and holds onto it till kingdom come. Wherever he goes property values begin to rise, and he secures large holdings for his mission. These compounds in time come to be worth lots of money.

There are more criticisms. These are only samples. I learned of an opium den operated in an episcopal residence. Horrors, surely! The bishop was away, the house was rented to a tenant who was also out of the city on vacation, and the enterprising coolies set up and ran a secret smokery in the basement on their own account. But it was an opium joint in the bishop's house, just the same. Missionaries employ lots of servants, terrible to tell. They employ these servants for a pittance (missionaries pay higher wages than other foreigners) to do the housework, while they devote themselves to the work for which they were sent, but it is employing servants just the same. There's plenty more like this, but why consume space?

Keeping Up with a Missionary

Most anybody should be able to follow a missionary for one day. I tried it in a city of nearly a million. My victim (he came near being my executioner) was missionary in charge of the evangelistic work in that particular metropolis.

We set out early, threw our coats into the sedan chair, admonished the bearers to keep up with us,

and soon had the bridge and the river behind us while we threaded the maze of crooked, narrow streets of the business section of the town. A new Young Men's Christian Association building of imposing size was going up and we stopped a few moments to view its proportions and dream of its coming usefulness.

Our first mission stop was at a little earth-floored chapel on a busy street. A day school was in progress and a small platform at one end of the room held a desk and blackboard. The day school showed need of supervision and the young Chinese teacher explained with some embarrassment that a number of his pupils were absent that day for various reasons. The yard back of the chapel proved to be a passageway leading to the girls' school in the rear, where the pastor lived.

Near by stood a fifty-foot hill, on top of which were the offices of the Chinese society for the extermination of the opium traffic. Here we made a formal call, secured some information, were politely assured of distinguished consideration, and went our way into the city's maze again.

The old First Church proved an interesting place. Located upon the long main street of the city, it included a church, a street chapel, a boys' school, a girls' school, and living apartments for the pastor. The school is in full session, and with everybody studying aloud the result may be heard a square away. Five schoolrooms are filled with

sturdy Chinese children, and every eye is fixed upon the foreigner as he sets up his camera for a picture. Under the energetic management of a young man recently appointed to this church, the street chapel has again been opened for service every evening, the congregations have been greatly increased, and something like self-support has been reached.

Occasional stops to talk with shopkeepers and citizens consume some time, but we take up our journey and pass the military garrison, the new paved street—a curiosity in its way—and the fine mission hospital of the American Board.

Noon time finds us hungry. "American or Chinese chow?" inquires my friend.

"Chinese, if you please," I specify, and after a good meal in a Chinese restaurant and a half hour's rest we make our way to the very center of the great walled city. Here is the missionary's pet "proposition," and here we spend an hour or two. With suitable frontage on the main street we find an extensive property covered with good Chinese buildings. This is to be the new Central Church property of the city. Some of these buildings are now rented for business purposes, and a number of the interior rooms are used for school purposes. Halls are opened for public meetings, social service work is being organized, and an institutional program is outlined for work, not among the poor, but among the well-to-do

and educated people. This missionary wanders about among the bewildering maze of rooms within rooms and rooms beyond rooms and plans and programs till my head whirls. What manner of man is this who can carry in one mind the gigantic outlines and minutest details of this vast project?

A CONFUCIAN TEMPLE

A half hour's walk brings us to a church and industrial school in one of the outlying districts. Here the boys are learning to weave and general thrift pervades the place. The church has been whitewashed and looks very clean and attractive. Industrial work has often proven a difficult matter, but this particular school is making good.

On again, the Union Medical School and affiliated hospital being our goal, but as we have other matters on hand to-day, we pay scant attention to this very interesting institution.

A Buddhist monastery gets attention only because it affords a short cut through its temples and from the hundred-foot hilltop, we view the vast expanse of house roofs while I listen to the story of the revolution as it surged up against these slopes and left its trail of blood and death in the streets. The American Board College lies at our feet and the strident sound of student athletics comes up to us mingled with the murmur of the crowded streets.

A half hour beyond lies a hospital and dispensary in charge of a motherly Chinese woman who is a graduate of an American medical school and speaks excellent English. The cleanness and general efficiency about the place are like a breath of heaven in a very dirty world.

INDUSTRIAL MISSION

By this time I began to look at my watch and hint that I had taken enough of my guide's time. My feet were sore, my head was tired, my eyes were weary, and I was close to the limit of endurance for one day.

"O no, I have planned this day for this purpose, and we are now just well started," he assures me, and off we start in a new quest. More chapels, schools, careful plans, great schemes, and minute details till darkness sets in and I am ready to faint.

"Really," at last I break forth, "I can endure no more. Nothing sticks to my mind now, but runs off. If there is any way to ride home, I must beg for mercy."

"All right," he cheerfully assents. "Climb into my chair and I will pick up one in the street."

Wearily I climb into the welcome chair and off we swing through the smoky streets, growing darker every moment. When we have finished the three miles back to the bridge I look around to see my friend, not riding in a chair, as I had supposed, but striding along, apparently as fresh as when we set out in the morning. I marvel at the man, and when I make bold to comment upon his efforts to finish me in one day he ignores the matter and goes on with his endless story of what ought to be done, of what he is going to do, and of how he is going to get the means to carry out his plans.

That evening, while I lie around and rest, he is up till eleven o'clock getting a party off down the river. It takes three hours of hunting and hiring and arguing and commanding to get those coolies lined up and the boat arranged and all

matters settled. I suppose that he went to bed after that, but I cannot prove that he did not go on getting that city evangelistic work whipped into line for the new program. I am sure that he is at it now.

Camping in Church

Sleeping in church is taboo, even in China, but there are times when no other solution appears to the problem of sleeping at all.

Six o'clock P. M. in a town of five thousand people, with no hotel, camp ground, vacant lots, not even a good barn with its fragrant hay mow, nothing but narrow crooked streets, open cesspools, wandering hogs, barking dogs, and swarming children—where would you sleep under such circumstances?

Here stands the church, substantial and clean and big enough for a congregation of three hundred. Above its "L" are two small rooms fitted up for the pastor's home, but now used for Sunday school purposes, since a neat parsonage has been built in the rear of the church. The pastor is away, visiting other churches, and as no one knew of our coming, no firecrackers greet our arrival. We find the official who holds the church key and proceed to make ourselves at home. While the men unpack the baggage one of the ladies entertains the crowd of children just outside the door, and soon all preparations for the

evening meal are under way. Cots for the ladies are spread in the upper room and the men make up their beds in the aisles or seats of the church below. Supper is eaten with the relish of hungry and tired travelers and peace reigns everywhere.

A full moon lends attractiveness to an evening stroll along the streets. They look better by moonlight, and in the cool of the evening the smells seem to abate a little. We find a gambling joint in full swing and several of our own coolies busy with the game.

Back at the church all is quiet, except for a steady rumble from the corner where one of our weary pilgrims has already found rest from the toil of the day's travel. Obviously and evidently, he is asleep. As we squirm about, seeking the soft spots on the upper side of the uncushioned church pews, the evidences of slumber become more pronounced. In the back yard the preacher's dog joins in the chorus, and he has a wonderful voice—for a dog. Louder grows the ensemble of sound until a crash in the corner suggests bombardment of the church from without.

At last we doze off, in spite of the resonant sleeper in the corner. After one more explosion in the corner we get some rest. When daylight brings its returning duties, we examine that noisy corner of the building and find two piles of mortar where the plaster has fallen in the night. What caused it? That is a delicate question, at

least so it proved with one member of the party. Probably Chinese plaster was never intended to withstand the shocks of real foreign snoring.

Breakfast in the tower room, hampers packed, the crowd of curious parted to allow us to pass, and after much wrangle and dispute over loads we are on our way once more, each man with his personal lunch and bottle of boiled water for the day. The four-foot rocky road winds its way between little paddies of brown rice stubble and green beans. Here and there young wheat shows three inches high. Everywhere countless villages dot the landscape. When we get two hundred yards from a village it does not smell so bad, and there are short stretches along the hillsides where there is hardly any smell at all; and overhead is the same blue sky that looks down on the children of men in every land.

Eight Miles of Abuse per Day

It was a missionary from north China who said that twenty-five years ago he made his way daily four miles across the city and back again through typical Chinese streets. Everywhere he was jeered as a "foreign devil," and the whole eight miles was one succession of curses and vile epithets.

"This may seem a small matter to one who has given his life to follow in the footsteps of Him who made himself of no reputation," said the

veteran; "but even a missionary becomes sensitive after a while. It is like the pricking of a pin, a small matter for a time, but just keep it up and see what happens. Eight miles of curses per day comes to wear on one's nerves in a most surprising way."

Incidentally, it has been known that the Christian in America, even a Christian minister, whose consecration should be just as complete as that of his friend in China, has lost his temper and shown great irritation upon a single case of abuse without cause. What would he do under eight miles per day of it?

Of course the missionary ought to stand it patiently; that is what he is for, but for me, here in America, the case is somehow a little different. I—er, well, you see, it is different.

But is it?

Meals a la Chinese

We had been tramping the rocky path by the river all afternoon, while the boatmen laboriously poled through the rapids. Just before the sun dipped behind a splendid mountain we climbed into a village and visited a brick church with its green lawn and the tidy parsonage next door. The pastor was away, but the aged Bible woman served refreshing tea.

Down through the darkening smoky street we picked our way. A man came out of a restaurant

and began to tell the doctor about his sick wife. While we talked we sat down on stools by the tables. Any sort of seat was welcome. I took stock. Dingy rafters, smoky cobwebs, muddy floor, squirming pigs and dogs, steaming pots in front, tables for guests in rear, customers eating noisily, general bustle of business—such it was. One of the "waiters" placed a bowl of hot noodles before me. The odor was appetizing.

"What about it, Doctor?" I asked.

"O, that's all right; it's boiling," he remarked.

Other dishes followed. What were they? How do I know? Some were brown, some were gray, some were cream-colored, some were wetter than others, but all were hot. What did I do? Well, if there had been any possibility of death in that pot, I would soon have been dead. I did full justice to the meal. Was it good? Certainly it was good. Many things Chinese are good. Shutting your eyes helps a little, but the Chinese are born cooks, and my thanks that night were hearty and sincere.

Flight Under Difficulties

Here is a sample of one kind of missionary "ease and indolence." In a city of eight hundred thousand, six hundred miles from the coast, rumors of impending revolution created much uneasiness among all classes of people. Missionaries being too busy to listen, did not pay much

attention to such talk, and having full faith in the people, went on with their work.

When the telegraph wires were cut matters began to look more serious. A few days later mails were stopped and all communication cut off. Then the old Manchu governor fled the place and there was no governor at all. From mission authorities came urgent requests to seek places

YEN PING WATER FRONT

of safety before the storm broke. Still no great disturbance occurred, and the missionaries continued their work.

Four foreign men represented the defensive force of the compound. Turn about, they patrolled the walls at night. The wife of one of these guards, hourly expecting motherhood, watched out of her window, her husband on guard, while a houseboat lay in the river below for use in case of emergency.

After a week of waiting soldiers came and burned the Confucian temple and the governor's

yamen. A man was appointed as ruler, who did nothing whatever. Three or four governors sat in the official chair during the next few weeks, but each seemed worse than the others, and there was no government at all.

At last flight became imperative, but no boat could be found going down the river. The officer in command of the troops promised a boat the following night. With the two-weeks old baby, the missionary and his family waited on a sampan until two o'clock in the morning for the boat that did not come. Back to the house they went for a few hours left of the long night. The next day a boat did leave for the seacoast, which was reached safely. And this story was told with no thought that it represented any heroism or hardship.

Breaking Up an Opium Joint

Christianity in action shows some good motion pictures, this one for instance:

One militant missionary with his ten-year-old son, while traveling through the country, stopped at midday in a large village. His coolies disappeared and did not return after a reasonable time. They were traced to the house of an opium dealer. After some parley with the keeper the indignant missionary seized a stout stick, broke his way through into the back room, and there found a half a dozen smokers, including his own men. The outraged proprietor commanded the in-

truder to leave, but at this point he misjudged his man.

Forthwith real action began. The invader seized a bamboo chair and laid on with vigor in all directions. He smashed lamps, broke pipes, destroyed furniture, and soundly drubbed the dull smokers. Within three minutes every one was out of doors, the place was a wreck, and general pandemonium reigned, while a crowd filled the street.

THE "WHITE" PAGODA

Taking a position of vantage in front of the demolished den, the missionary "in charge" proceeded to address the people, telling them that they knew well enough that the whole opium business was illegal and infamous and that it behooved the people of the village to make it impossible for the place to resume business.

The now thoroughly frightened keeper fell on his knees and promised never to open the place again, if only he might be assured immunity from report and prosecution this time. After securing pledges from the bystanders that this promise would be kept, the opium merchant was per-

mitted to go his way and repair his property—for residence purposes only.

Six months later the missionary came that way again and could find no evidence that the place had been reopened or that the proprietor had established his business elsewhere.

Missionary Tiger-Hunting

When a man quits a successful career as a life insurance agent because he wants a harder job, it should cause no surprise when he sallies forth single-handed to rid a province of man-eating tigers. The exploits of this particular pioneer are very damaging to the traditions of the frock-coated missionary, living "apart from the world," but they are still more damaging to the tigers, which is the main point for the terrified people.

It is down in Fukien Province that big spotted tigers hide in the grasses and brush of the ravines in the mountain sides. From these lairs they prey upon man and beast and terrorize large communities of people. The people are without defense, and when a family meal is interrupted by the unannounced spring of a huge tiger through the door that he may carry away a pig or a child, there is little wonder that the old priests were besought to use their occult powers to defend the people from the terror that flieth by night—and day.

To this missionary, intent upon his work in a district of two million souls, came terrible tales of the ravages of these great beasts. A farmer sat down at midday to eat his lunch, while his cow with which he had been plowing stood near by. Without warning, a tiger sprang from the grass and killed the cow in the open field. Often has a tiger rushed into a house where the usual daily routine was in progress and carried away a pig, or even a calf. Two men were antelope-hunting and accidentally discovered a big tiger. The infuriated cat rushed upon the men, knocking them down and starting to drag away the nearer one. This man, however, seized a tree in the path, and the tiger let go and fled. On another occasion three men were suddenly attacked and two of them crushed to the earth, while the third was torn to pieces before an outcry could be raised.

Then one day Sir Tiger went one step too far and the missionary got into action. On an evil day a tiger killed and ate a sixteen-year-old boy as a climax to a number of atrocities. Two days later the man with the gun set out to dispose of the beast. He led a mother goat and two kids into a ravine where the tiger kept open house when he was at home. The old goat was tied to a tree and the kids placed in a basket hidden in the tall grass. Behind a convenient clump of bunch grass the hunter hid himself and awaited results.

One of the interesting things about a tiger hunt is the uncertainty as to which is hunter and which is hunted and which may win out in the finish. Two hours passed in utter silence, except for the bleating of the goats. Try it yourself and see how long an hour lasts when it is a test between the stealth of a man-eating tiger and the strategy of a tiger-hunting man.

NINE FEET BETWEEN TIPS

At last, just when the ambushed man was about to give up the quest, twenty yards away the immense yellow head of the man-eater emerged from the grass. He had not yet exactly located the kids, but was within fifteen feet of them. As he lay crouched on the ground, he was a fair mark, and one crack of the rifle caused him to settle in his tracks with scarcely a quiver. A second shot insured safety. Nine feet between tips and four hundred pounds describe the big cat that had terrorized the community for months.

Now, the neighborhood in question had a forgivable personal interest in this tiger hunt, and the two shots were the signal for all and sundry to pour forth in great excitement and rush to the ravine. From all directions they came, not so much to see the dead tiger, as to save every available drop of his blood. Rags, handkerchiefs, any old bit of cloth was used to catch this blood, which has (in China) two very important uses. A bit of rag saturated with this blood hung about the neck of a child will prevent both measles and smallpox. (The reasonableness of this will be understood by people who tie bits of asafetida about the necks of helpless babies for similar purposes.) Then blood-soaked rags waved in front of cross dogs will cause them to turn tail and slink away. Tiger meat is also sold at very high prices, and eaten as a prophylactic against all sorts of infection and to give the eater bravery and strength.

Not caring to go into the meat business, the successful hunter saved the skin and turned the rest of the tiger over to his cook, as a reward for faithful services, and the cook made some fifty dollars out of it. When all was over not a scrap of tiger was left.

There is a lot more of this tiger story, but what has it to do with the work of a missionary? Well, three or four things seem to justify the proceedings. No man could sit by content to see the people he had come to serve continually molested

and murdered by ferocious beasts. Self-respect demanded some action against the enemy. A born naturalist, with several collections, in the national museum, could not avoid being interested in the identification of what is probably a new species of the big beasts. A real sportsman could not ask for anything more satisfactory in the hunting line than this going after the big, dangerous game on its own ground. But, more than all this, successful tiger-hunting had opened the villages and the hearts of the people in a way heretofore unknown. In one village the early efforts of the missionary were met with indifference and opposition until after a troublesome tiger had been destroyed, after which nothing was too good for the hunter.

One large village, hearing of the exploits of the tiger-slayer, sent for him to come and rid the people of their spotted pest. Arriving at sundown, the missionary put up for the night and was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious and admiring Chinese. The behavior of the crowd and exceeding reverence of the leaders led to but one conclusion—the people were disposed to look upon this man as a supernatural being and would do him worship. Surely, this was more than a man! Harry Caldwell saw that it was time to act. Standing before the people, he showed them his gun, told them of its power, took it to pieces before them and explained its working in detail.

With this beginning, he proceeded to discourse upon the subject of faith in God, and before the crowd dispersed he had their thoughts turned toward the Christian's God, whom he himself served.

There may be no very close connection between killing tigers and building forty churches, but when the same man does both, it is evident that his work is, like himself, a unit, and may not be split up into factions. There may be no mathematical ratio between eight tiger skins and some thousands of converts, any more than there is visible relation between athletics and personal influence. The facts appear in the results, and when a man can make life safe and then make it worth living, he cannot be very far from real efficiency in the work whereunto he was sent.

CHAPTER IV

THE CHINESE CHURCH AND ITS HEROES

THE CHINESE CHURCH—PREACHING FOR MONEY—A CHRISTIAN GENERAL—PRAYER IN AN OFFICER'S TENT—WON BY PERSONAL EFFORT—THE MAN WHO COULD NOT PRAY—FAITH TO FILL THE CHURCH—THE PRODIGAL SON IN CHINESE—A CHINESE ALTAR SERVICE—PERSECUTION, PURIFICATION, AND POWER—ACCORDEON AND PICTURE ROLL—A GRADED SUNDAY SCHOOL—A "CHURCH UNCLE"—SEEKERS EVERYWHERE—TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE MEN, TWENTY-SEVEN WOMEN—SUNDAY MORNING IN CHURCH—A DOUBLE-HEADER CONGREGATION—THE PRAYER CURE FOR STUPIDITY—FIRECRACKERS AND RELIGION—POSSESSED BY A DEVIL—CHINESE LIBERALITY—QUEUELESS CHURCH OFFICIALS.

THE CHINESE CHURCH

THE visitor is profoundly impressed with the vigor and vitality of the Christian Church in China. This is no transplanted exotic nourished under protection of missionary guardians. Here is a young church growing on its own root in native soil and bringing forth fruit after its own kind. Should the American continent sink into the sea and all Europe disappear in a crash of arms, the Christian Church in China would continue its growth and eventually spread throughout the whole earth. Faults and features of im-

maturity there are, but these churches show an average of spiritual devotion and moral living surpassing that of the seven churches of the first century.

Even casual experience with these vigorous modern apostles effectually dispels the unconscious, but nevertheless innate, idea that somehow Jesus Christ was an American citizen. It is a wholesome thing to find men who regard the gospel as essentially Oriental in its origin and life and who are not thinking in terms of America at all, but regard the Christian faith as the rightful heritage of the Oriental first of all.

A YOUNG CHURCH

The men who walk and speak in these pages are living to-day and their work goes on. They represent the human factors in the problem of organized growth and are themselves more conscious of personal relations than of institutional development. It is still fresh and spontaneous with the Chinese church, and the times of formal encrustation have not yet begun. May they be long delayed!

Preaching for Money

Are Chinese Christians serving for pay? Do Chinese preachers work for the money they receive? How much does it cost to live?

Ding Dong Dell (that will do for the present) began to hold gospel services during the last two years of his college course. The question of a life devoted to the ministry was heavy on his heart, and also on his pocket, for he had a family to support. Matters came to a crisis when upon graduation he was appointed pastor of a small church in a big city, in a location where "peculiar difficulties" (they have them in China too) presented a hard problem. Salary—twenty dollars, Mexican (about nine dollars gold), per month. Conditions—live on salary or starve. Perquisites—nothing. Temptation—to enter government service at fifty dollars per month, with promise of promotion. What would you do, American theological student, if you were in the same place? Eh—er—, well, while you are considering the matter, let it be said that Ding declined the ap-

DING DONG

pointment. And there was no one else for the place.

The missionary felt that Ding could do that particular job better than any other man. He was so sure of it that he talked with Ding and wrestled with God over the matter for two weeks, and at the end of that time Ding was still in a negative state of mind.

"The salary is not enough."

And the trouble was that Ding was right about it. No man could live in any sort of comfort on that wage.

After a Saturday night spent largely in prayer over the case, the missionary sought out Ding at his own house and told him that he had come this morning as a messenger of God to speak, not his own words, but those of Him who had sent him. The appointment to the hard place was a direct call of God to follow Him who had nowhere to lay his head and made himself of no reputation and received no salary.

After an earnest statement of the case, the missionary left saying that he would return the following morning for the final answer. This was too much for Chinese politeness, and Ding insisted that he would come to the missionary's house. Not so, however; this matter had been laid upon the missionary's heart, and he must himself seek out the young man.

It came to pass that the following morning

found the two men together once more, and soon on their knees they were asking for guidance from on high. After some hesitation and much struggle, Ding finally consented to accept the call, though with much reluctance. At last he said very simply, "I will go."

And go he did. The missionary made an effort, for some time without success, to increase his salary by a few dollars. And when Ding once surrendered, and began his work, there came to him an earnestness and enthusiasm that stirred the hearts of men. I saw his chapel, filled with people, eager of face and open-minded. I heard the report of the transformation that had taken place within a year in that difficult field. I felt the swing of the onward movement of the Church of God.

"Did Ding stay put on the salary question?" I asked the missionary.

"He did, and has never mentioned the matter since. But he really has not enough to live on."

A Christian General

Square-jawed, commanding military men are rare among the Chinese, and when found are at a premium. Such a man commands ten thousand troops in one of the central provinces. Large of person, dignified in bearing, he moves with the presence of a man who can grasp affairs and hold them.

Such a man proved a shining mark for the evangelistic passion of a Chinese district superintendent, and General Wu became a Christian. Shortly after this decision he wrote to the chief official of the missionary forces asking for instructions concerning the conditions of church membership and baptism. And the bishop, knowing pretty well from previous experience what such inquiries involved, replied that, among other items, he must be the husband of one wife—only. If he had others, he must arrange for their support and put them away.

During the session of the Yangtse Mission Conference in 1914 General Wu appeared with his wife and baby, the latter brought for baptism. After conversation with the bishop, he addressed the Conference, telling the manner of his conversion and the power of his new experience in the Christian faith. Very frankly he told of his predicament when he became a Christian. He had married both his wives; according to Chinese standards he had done nothing wrong. He had laid the case before some wandering missionary, who had told him that he might keep both wives and serve God. When the bishop wrote to him that he must cleave to his first wife only, then he knew that the teaching of the bishop's church was right, and he had now arranged for the support of his second wife among her own people.

From personal matters the general proceeded

to the discussion of national and world affairs. Holding up a copy of the Bible, he said, "Here is the one hope of China," and hearty applause drowned his voice. "What our people need is moral leadership and backbone," he continued. "Our leaders fall down when the pressure comes. They 'squeeze' and use their offices for their own profit, and they cover up the truth. This book alone has the cure for all that."

As to the nations of the earth, he believed that the United States could be counted on to befriend China in her hour of need. He was sure that President Wilson was a Christian man, and he had a reason for his faith. No man but a Christian would have handled the Mexican situation as the President had done. Any purely selfish man would have tried to take possession of Mexico for the benefit of the United States and to the disadvantage of the Mexican people, long before the date of that Conference.

At the proper time followed the baptism of the general's baby. And, most remarkable of all, it appeared that the general himself had not yet been baptized. He had put away his wife, made his public profession, become a probationer in the church, and was proclaiming his faith everywhere. But his only living parent was his aged mother, and he was using every means in his power to win her to the Christian faith, that he might lead her with himself to the altar for Christian baptism.

Prayer in an Officer's Tent

May a heathen offer a prayer acceptable to God? One missionary told me of receiving, the day before, a letter from a Confucian officer in the army of the late Yuan Shih Kai, saying that on the preceding evening several officers had gathered in his tent, and that after a long conversation regarding the Christian religion it was proposed that they offer then and there a prayer to the Christian's God. None of those present were Christians, but they had all been impressed by the faith and lives of the Christians. It appeared also that they wished to secure the favor and influence of the Christian's God in the hour of great responsibility and anxiety that then rested upon them. Whereupon a prayer meeting had been held in the tent, and the writer was addressing the missionary with the request that he remember in his prayers the little band of men who had offered for themselves a prayer to God.

Won by Personal Effort

In the midst of the most remarkable movement toward the church yet seen in southern China I asked how all these seekers had been interested and brought to the point of enrollment. Was it by great sermons, or high-pressure revival methods, by house-to-house work, by special prayer bands? How had it been done?

With one accord it was agreed that while all of these agencies had been used, no one of them accounted for the results. "These thousands have come," they said, "because their personal friends went out after them. Practically every inquirer has come as the result of personal solicitation by some Christian who knew him and recommended to him the new way of life that had brought so much happiness into his own life."

DAY SCHOOL AND BIBLE-WOMAN

The Man Who Could Not Pray

As the train slowed down at Tong Shang I stood on the steps and scanned the faces of the crowd. There he stood; I had never seen him before, but in foreign clothes I recognized him at once, and he likewise knew me.

"This is Dr. Wang, I am sure," I began.

"Yes," he replied, "and I know you, for my friend wrote that you would be on this train. But how did you know me?"

"That is easy. You see, we are old friends who

have never met before. I have known of you and of your work for many years and have told your story in many places."

This evidently was a poser to Chinese modesty. "I am sure that there was nothing to tell," he demurred, "but I am glad to meet a friend from the United States."

The train stopped fifteen minutes, and not one of them was lost. Dr. Wang told me of his work in the hospital, of his Sunday labors as a gospel preacher, of his hopes for larger things for the Chinese church. It needed some urging to get anything that was purely personal, but even Chinese modesty will give way before American persistence.

As the engine bell clamored for attention, Dr. Wang drew from his pocket a photograph of himself, saying that, while it was "an unworthy gift," he wished to give me something as a small memento of the visit, and would be happy if I would write him a letter from my far-away home in America. The serious and kindly face is before me now and seems to invite me to proceed with this tale. Some of it has been told before by those who knew it better than I, but it deserves retelling.

It was some years ago that Wang Hsang Ho was graduated from Peking University and became an assistant in the medical college and hospital. When his pay began it was small enough,

but it was pay, and as such was subject to the tithe, and the tithe helped to educate another Chinese boy in the university. The young assistant's pay grew with his experience, and likewise his contributions increased to all good causes. When in due time he was appointed assistant physician of the hospital at Tong Shang, it was borne in upon him that here at last was an exceeding great opportunity to become a healer of the soul as well as of the body.

Holding religious services in a secular hospital was a ticklish matter in China, as it is in America, and presently Dr. Wang offered his resignation to the physician in charge in order that he might give his whole time to Christian service. The head physician, however, took a very different view of the case; in fact, he seriously objected to losing Dr. Wang under any circumstances.

"Hold all the religious meetings you please right here among the patients," he said. "How could you find a better chance?"

Well, a hospital ward is like heaven in this respect, that "congregations ne'er break up," and Dr. Wang saw the point and stayed. And results proved that the patients were by no means averse to hearing the teaching of the man who helped them get well.

Hymn books and scriptures helped along the work, and everybody was happy and would have continued to be so had it not been for the Boxer

outbreak of 1900. When the storm broke, the foreign doctor left the hospital in charge of Dr. Wang while he sought a place of safety. So well did Dr. Wang manage the situation that the patients attributed his success to the help of the God whom he served.

It came to pass in those days of blood and death that the hospital became a veritable place of refuge for persecuted Christians. They came from near and far, and Dr. Wang hid them away in all sorts of nooks and corners about the place. At one time seventy people were secreted somewhere in that hospital. He protected, fed, clothed, and sent on their journeys these tormented followers of the Jesus religion. The Boxers did not directly disturb the hospital, probably fearing the man who could make such medicine. How many lives he saved can never be known. Some said it was his medicine, some thought it must be a mystic power, others knew it was his God; but whatever it was, it worked, and the storm raged its way through those terrible months.

In process of rescue and revolution it came about that the Russians took the hospital and filled it with their own wounded troops. The Russian doctor, seeing that Wang was a man of no mean attainments, persuaded him to remain as assistant, and it was but a few days until the sick Russians preferred his sympathetic ministrations

to the rough handling of their own surgeons.

At last there came a day when it was over. Sadder and wiser, the Boxers went back to their ruined homes. Foreign troops kept the peace of Peking, Russian troops went back to their cold barracks, and for the first time in months Dr. Wang had time to think of his own affairs.

THE GATE

About a month after this he met a missionary, a man of God, and when the missionary beheld his downcast face he knew that there was trouble of no small dimensions.

"Why, Dr. Wang, what ever is the matter?"

"Well, the truth is that I cannot pray any more."

"You cannot pray any more? How is that? I don't understand."

"You see, it was this way. After the trouble was over I got away from the hospital and went to find my father and mother. I had remained at my post of duty here and I had prayed for them every day, and I believed that God would take care of them. I did my duty

as I understood it, and I trusted God to take care of them.

"Then I went to find my father and mother. Did I find them? No. I found that the Boxers had taken them out into the country and had asked them to deny the name of Jesus as their Lord. They were earnest Christians and refused to do this. When at last the murderers were convinced that it was useless to spend more time with them, they hacked their bodies to pieces and threw them into the ditch by the roadside, and I could not even give them an honorable burial. Do you wonder that I cannot pray any more? When I look up I cannot see anything, and when I listen I cannot hear anything. It is of no use to try."

What did that missionary say to Dr. Wang? Being a wise man, he did not argue nor reprove, nor did he discuss theology. He said something like this:

"Listen, Dr. Wang. Did you ever hear these words before?—'And after this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands. . . . And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came

out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Now, Dr. Wang, do you see that multitude? Look up, and not down, to-day. Your father and mother are among that blessed throng, far happier than they could have been here with you. God himself is feeding them and wiping away all their tears. Do you see them now?"

"Yes, I see them," sobbed the broken-hearted man. "I see them now, and I see something else too. Now I can pray. Will you pray with me?"

Dr. Wang Hsang Ho is still resident physician at the Tong Shang Hospital. From his salary he contributes liberally to every good cause, and of his personal efforts and influence he is a princely giver. Verily, of such is the coming kingdom.

Faith to Fill the Church

Where four fifths of the congregations are men a meeting for women cannot be a popular

movement. But a few earnest souls began such a meeting on Sunday afternoon. Numbers grew until from the Bible school, the church membership, and a few others, one hundred and fifty women gathered in a church seating a thousand. The one hundred and fifty were well worth while, but, down on their knees, they begged God for faith to claim a church full. What of the uncounted thousands out beyond, many of them personal friends of those in the meeting? Some of them were wives of Christian husbands, and to save the family must be brought in. What should be done about it?

One by one these women arose and voiced the hope of their hearts. "I have faith to fill the church," said one.

"I believe God will fill these seats," said another.

"We only need eight hundred and fifty more," enthused a third.

And their faith and enthusiasm waxed strong.

When I last heard from this meeting, in a personal letter, there were some five hundred women attending the meeting, with new comers every Sunday afternoon. Were these women dreaming dreams, or were they seeing visions of the new kingdom of God set up in the hearts of the women of China? Will they get the thousand? Yea, verily.

The Prodigal Son in Chinese

It was a Sunday school rally with a thousand present and a program that would have aroused the dullest audience. As a "stunt" program in a contest it would have kept an American school busy to save itself from crushing defeat.

"THE PRODIGAL SON"

Among other things done and said, a class of fifteen-year-old Chinese boys enacted "The Prodigal Son" as per Chinese ideals of the case. I watched it from the gallery and then persuaded those boys to set up the principal scenes in the compound, while I worked the camera.

Bearded and venerable appeared the rich father. Careless and unkempt, the younger son demanded his share of the money. After regretful protest and much fingering of the buttons of the abacus by the secretary, a check was written and signed, and when worldly goods had been loaded on the shoulders of the coolie, the prodigal set out to see the world.

Arrival in the far country was marked by much serving of tea. Gambling, drinking, and a general good time followed rapidly. Then came rags, hunger, and the swine yard. "Pigs" made of bamboo and black paper added realistic touches to the doleful scene. A bucket of Chinese hog fodder looked good to the prodigal, and he sat down to think and rose up to go back to his father.

The father went out to meet his son on the road home; the greeting was dramatic enough, and in the midst of the feast the elder brother came in from the fields, hoe on his shoulder and set up such a commotion and protest in vigorous Chinese as must have made the original complaint seem mild by comparison.

It would be hard to excel the enthusiasm and abandon with which these Chinese boys gave themselves to the entire production, and the naturalness of their action suggested unsuspected latent ability in real dramatic efforts.

A Chinese Altar Service

It is the closing Sunday evening of the Conference week. Appointments were read on Saturday evening, and the evangelistic service has the right of way to-night. Reverence of spirit and close attention mark the entire service, and at the close of the sermon an invitation is given for all who care to do so to come to the altar and kneel together for prayer.

They come from all parts of the house until the space is filled. Chinese pastors, superintendents, Sunday school teachers, and Christian workers gather for a closing moment of fellowship with each other and with God before they turn their faces toward hard fields and trying home conditions.

Hear them pray! Prayer needs no interpreter. Its beat and rhythm roll up like waves of petition against the steps of the throne. Earnest supplication, timid confession, and strengthening resolution make themselves known in any language, though not a word can be understood. Without any interpretation other than a kindred spiritual experience, one may know what these men are saying to God.

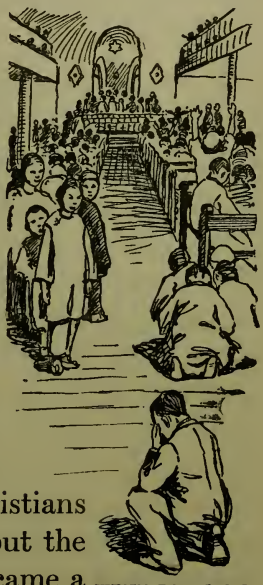
Hear them testify! Testimony may be interpreted. Unknown tongues do not edify us greatly when used for speaking with men. And when interpreted the word of their testimony is that of Christian souls in all ages and places. Sins forgiven, hopes renewed, hatred purged from the heart, love renewed in overflowing measure for all men, new resolves of greater faithfulness, hunger for holiness, fullness of joy—these are the things they say with shining faces. The hearer has a new interpretation of the communion of saints.

After the benediction, greetings, farewells, spontaneous hymns sung out of full hearts, and

general demonstrations of fellowship, we make our way bedward for a few hours' rest. The boat leaves at 4 A. M.—but why raise that subject here?

Persecution, Purification, and Power

Every notable persecution has been preceded by a preparation of heart on the part of believers. A few years ago the Hinghwa mission was swept by a storm of confession. Thousands of Christians, including prominent pastors, went down on their knees weeping for their sins and repenting their shortcomings. With no visible human leadership, the fire burned through the mission and purified the church. Not many of the non-Christians were moved by this revival, but the spiritual life of the church became a living thing of power.



WENT DOWN ON THEIR KNEES

Two years passed. Political revolution swept over the land; the Manchu government gave way to what proved to be mostly no government at all. Opium dealers and growers saw an opportunity to grow and market several exceedingly profitable crops before order could be restored. Bandits in the mountains, corrupt officials and

opium merchants and farmers combined to get rich, and there was none to stop it. They forgot one factor in the situation—the Christians. And when the Christians got through protesting and fighting the unholy traffic there were ruined poppy fields, bankrupt officials, and some of the more conspicuous conspirators had lost their heads.

All of this was no small matter, and with no legal protection the Christians found themselves suddenly the objects of a concerted persecution of much vigor and venom. They were driven from their homes, robbed of their stock, their houses were burned, they were tortured and tormented and some of them lost their lives. Compounds were looted and sacked, missionaries were driven to Foochow till the storm subsided. For eight months the native Christians were dependent entirely upon their own leadership.

Had any church at all been found after such an experience, there would be cause for rejoicing. When the missionaries returned to the work they found a vigorous and energetic forward movement arising within the church and a strong tide setting toward the church from without. Within a year men were coming from all directions and asking what were the principles of the Christian faith and what were the conditions required for membership in the church. Faster and more numerous these seekers came, until in

one year the Christian community increased by one third, and the seekers came so fast that it became almost impossible to arrange for their adequate instruction. And the work still goes on. Purification, persecution, fruit-bearing—these are the great chapters in the triumphant march of the church in all ages.

Accordion and Picture Roll

Here he comes, the herald of the Jesus doctrine. He is a Chinese pastor, keen and kindly of countenance, marching down the one village street playing his old accordion and singing in nasal Chinese, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

They come from everywhere—of course they do. In four thousand years there has not been a picture show, a circus, a county fair, or a newspaper in that village. Here is something new. See the crowd gather. In front of the village temple, old, dirty, and neglected, he stops, sets up a bamboo tripod, and arranges a colored picture lesson roll sent by some American Sunday school. With gaping curiosity the crowd gazes upon the unfamiliar pictures. What is it all about anyway?

That is just what this evangelist is beginning to explain. These pictures represent ancient "scholars" and holy men, who attained extraordinary wisdom, even the knowledge of the true God. By following in their footsteps we too may

find this God and learn that his heart is not filled with ill will, like these idol faces in the temple, but with love and good will toward men.

PLAYING HIS OLD ACCORDION

Always there are some who tarry for further information, and after a few more visits a little handful of the interested ones marks the beginning of a class for personal instruction—and thus the little church takes root and begins to grow.

In one year this particular pastor preached the gospel in one hundred villages and set in motion forces that will yet reach thousands of people in the villages beyond.

A Graded Sunday School

"It can't be done here; conditions are different."

Well, many an American church has gone down on that rock of conservatism, but when a Chinese Sunday school can adopt and organize a full graded system of teachings, there is hope for any of us.

The school is there, and it works. Ten thou-

sand miles from systematic Sunday school standards, three days' hard journey back from the coast, with its seaport tincture of foreign and progressive ideas, we find four separate departments, normal classes, graded instruction, promotion system, Cradle Roll, and Home Department, and an average attendance of over three hundred on Sunday.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

How? Why? Well, better ask Who? There is the secret. One missionary at home on furlough got the vision. Other missionaries on the field had been thinking about it and were ready to begin. I visited all the departments, watched teachers and classes, and noted the striking likeness of the total result to that in graded schools in the homeland. Efficiency, that much-needed word in China, spoke from every class and officer. It was encouraging and inspiring to see the wheels go round smoothly and powerfully.

Is there any reader of this page who has sighed a long sigh and murmured, "It cannot

be done"? Go to Yen Ping and learn how to do it.

A "Church Uncle"

"Did you ever meet a Chinese hui bah?"

"What's that?"

"Why, a 'church uncle' of course. Anybody knows what a 'church uncle' is, in any language."

Here is one of them; serene of countenance, dignified in manner, kindly and courteous always, he bears on his face the marks of good breeding and high character. I sat beside him at a Chinese feast one day, and he left nothing undone that would minister to my comfort and entertainment. There was no dainty tidbit within reach that he did not get to my bowl via his own chopsticks, which made nearly as many trips to my dish as they did to his mouth.

Graciously he inquired as to my honorable age, and upon learning how small it was as compared with his own, he politely remarked that at least I looked much older. Doubtless I would in time greatly improve in this matter and should not feel discouraged. When I asked how many were his honorable years, he modestly insisted that his unworthy and miserable years were really very few—only seventy-four, to be accurate. Really it was nothing to speak of.

It was in the evening at the close of the evangel-

istic service that he came to me, beaming and brotherly, and suggested that he would do something in my especial honor. Squaring himself beside me, as we stood by the altar rail, he opened his Chinese hymn book and began to sing in a surprisingly good voice, his own version of "God be with you till we meet again." It was a good imitation of the tune, and the old man meant every word of it. I do not remember that I ever left a place with a deeper sense of benediction than when I carried away that old hui bah's blessing and song. He will be worth looking up in heaven.

Seekers Everywhere

He was the first man called to report at the District Conference. It was not fitting, he urged, that so young a man from a far-away circuit should speak first, but he was not responsible for his place in the English alphabet. But since he was commanded, he would obey.

His church was small in membership. A year ago his little chapels were half full of people and there was scant interest on the part of those without the church. But the members had been faithful in service and in prayer and for months past men had been coming to the church and inquiring the way of life. Sometimes one or two came, and once twenty-four came in one day. During the year he had enrolled over three hundred as in-

quirers, and he was deeply grateful to God for these evidences of his favor.

WAITING FOR CHURCH

Another pastor reported that one year previous his church had been but half "paved" and was far too large for the congregation. Now the church was all floored and was too small for the people who came to regular services. Every Sunday it was filled, floor and galleries.

Number three reported that his church membership had doubled within the year, and that while during the previous year his people had contributed eighty dollars for self-support, the past year had enabled them to bring in two hundred and fifty dollars.

The next report indicated doubling of membership and an entirely self-supporting church.

On they went, telling their trials and triumphs—these men who had gone out as heralds of the new kingdom on earth. Theirs was no glittering generality. These men came from

villages where every man knows intimately every other man. When one of these villagers becomes a Christian he is watched critically and faithfully by all the others. In such a country a thousand earnest, consistent Christians can, by their consistent lives, supply information about the Christian faith to a million people.

BURNING WASTE PAPER

When a Christian community increases forty per cent within a single year there must be some explanation forthcoming.

"How do you account for this great ingathering?" I asked again and again.

"That is what we are asking our pastors and people," the missionaries told me. "Most of them tell us that they feel that the Christian faith is the only hope and Christian morals are the only sal-

vation of the country. Moral rottenness, political corruption, 'squeeze,' self-seeking, duplicity, personal interest always before public good—these are the elements of a situation in which the lives of the Christians shine out like a beacon in the night. When the people see these Christians, honest in dealings, faithful in duty, patient in trouble and triumphant under persecution, they are hearing a preaching louder than the voice of any missionary. It is the lives of the Christians that are forming new standards of morality and creating a new conscience in China.

Two Hundred and Thirty-five Men, Twenty-seven Women

Come to the morning service in the city church. Here it is on this wide street, perhaps twenty feet between walls. Sit with me on the platform and watch them as they enter. Men old and young and hard-to-guess. Men poor and men well-dressed. Ignorant men and scholars come and men with neatly braided queues sit near men with queues coiled on their heads, the badge of toil and service. And some men have no queues at all, but have discarded them for the close clip of the foreign style. One hundred, two hundred, two hundred and thirty-five men sit quietly waiting for the service to begin.

Over on the left, huddled together, sit the women, twenty-seven of them all counted, old and

young, looking meekly apologetic and very much conscious of their inferior estate. A few of them can read; there are several girls from the mission school, and a few little girls sit with downcast eyes. Most of them are just Chinese women and nothing more.

The count, with its reversal of American conditions, is very suggestive. I begin by telling the congregation the figures and reminding them that in the United States the reverse often confronts the preacher. In America men have no authority over their wives such as husbands are said to exercise in China. American wives who go to church try to bring their husbands with them, and sometimes succeed. Surely, the Christian men of China are as much interested in the salvation of their wives as the Christian women in America are concerned about their godless husbands. As I counted the men and women in this church I began to hold serious doubts as to the truth of the statement that Chinese men are the masters of their wives. Surely, if these men present were really the lords of their own households, they could command their wives to come to church, and the wives would be here to-day. It looked very much as if the Chinese men had no more authority at home than American husbands.

Back from the masculine faces of that audience came the sheepish grin that registered confession of the truth. Three thousand years of theoretical

masculine supremacy has not been enough to stamp out that balance of sex authority that must obtain in any family relation where the eternal force of womanhood has had the slightest chance to find its level. Even Chinese womanhood will have its say and often times its way. And China will vastly profit by a readjustment of domestic values by which woman comes to her rightful share in household management and to intelligent equality with her husband.

Sunday Morning in Church

How does it feel to go to church in China? Try it! Here is a church with transept and galleries with room, if closely seated, for a thousand people. Furniture is strong and plain, after the Chinese fashion. The congregation half fills the church before we begin and gradually takes up the unoccupied seats as the service proceeds. There they sit, quiet, curious or reverent as their personal religious life may suggest. Sometimes the women, ignorant and dull of mind, become garrulous and keep on talking in meeting. To know just what Paul meant by asking the women to keep quiet in the churches one must go to China. All of them gaze curiously at the "foreign child" seated in the pulpit, and wonder what he may have to say.

Opening exercises are much as anywhere else. A hymn, prayer, Creed, Scripture, offering, an-

other hymn, and the sermon. Chinese church services have one distinguishing feature which would make them a blessing if there were not another number on the program, and that is the entire absence of a professional choir. Here at last we are delivered from the interminable repetitions of an operatic quartet, and the "fever and ague" quakings of a florid soloist.

CHURCH WITH TRANSEPT

What Chinese congregational hymn-singing lacks in accuracy it makes up in volume and earnestness. Chinese people sing as they do everything else—by the general method of getting results by any convenient method that appears at the time. Having listened to hundreds of Chinese hymns, I do not remember any that did not get off the key somewhere. Some of the digressions were so distressingly out of harmony with all known laws of musical progression and construction that they jarred painfully upon a foreign ear. It often happens about the middle of a hymn that the singers leave the tune entirely

and break up into a general confusion of noise. An American congregation would break down and stop entirely, but not so with the Chinese. It is all part of the Chinese way of doing things. After the storm, smoother waters appear, the submerged tune rises once more to the surface and makes its way to the end, apparently none the worse for its experiences.

With the sermon comes genuine expectation on the part of the multitude. How can any man with a conscience temporize with trivialities or tell irrelevant stories before a houseful of people whose one chance in a week to hear anything of the spiritual life may be that very hour? It is now or never, and no man ever needed to choose his words more carefully than he who speaks to such an audience.

Speaking through an interpreter has its difficulties, but it also has its very great compensations—particularly for the audience. Many a preacher at home might be saved from himself if he had some wise one to stand between him and his hearers and make judicious changes in the sermon as it proceeds. The fact that the preacher does not know what the interpreter is saying has further advantages. If he did know, there are times when he would stop forthwith and tell the interpreter to go on and finish his sermon without further interruptions from the visitor.

Our interpreter this morning is warming to his

work. More and more earnest he becomes and more and more violent are his tones and gestures. There are times when it is joy to work side by side with a man who throws himself into his work like a strong runner to run a race. Mind quickens mind, and there are times when two men are stronger than twice one. It has been said that one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the new missionary lies in the fact that he cannot be understood for two years. The greatest privilege granted to the traveler comes with the man who can stand between him and his hearers and interpret not only the message but the man himself to the congregation. Blessings on the men who have stood between me and the people in the pews!

On we go, step by step, sentence by sentence. What that interpreter is saying I cannot tell, but I do know that he is having "a good time," and that he is holding the closest attention of the people. All that they get they get from him. No word of mine ever reaches the understanding of any but the occasional man who knows a little English, and even he cannot recognize most of the words I am using. When some of these men this morning furtively wipe the tears from their eyes I know that they have the interpreter to thank for it. He may not have said anything that I said, but what matters it? Evidently, some hearers were convicted and some were blessed, and it is a good time to remember that the end of

preaching is not the salvation of sermons but of souls. If my short sentences help this good man to catch his breath and get a fresh start, it is well.

The service closes with the usual benediction; then follows the unusual feature. When will an American congregation learn to sit down after the benediction and close its eyes for a moment of prayer? The contrast with the bedlam following our benediction is something never to forget.

As we reach the street the interpreter remarks, "Well, I had unusual liberty in interpreting this morning."

"Is that what it was?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" he inquires.

"Well, you went on and on, and I could not imagine what you were saying. Really now, did you say anything that I said?"

"Surely I did, but I said it the way that would reach those men most effectively."

"All right, my brother. Blessings on you. Do the same thing again. I enjoyed it myself."

A Double-Header Congregation

What would you think, Mr. Pastor of a church in any American city of twenty-five thousand people, if on Sunday morning you found every seat in your church filled, with a thousand people waiting outside for your congregation to come out and make room for them to come in for a second service of their own, eh?

It was eight o'clock Sunday morning in Hinghwa. In the cool morning shadows people came from everywhere and filled every seat in the church, floor, and galleries, and amid perfect order the service began.

You, my friend, who have been preaching to critical audiences of people who are sure that they know as much religion and much more life than the preacher, how would you feel standing before a crowd that filled every corner of your church and preaching to people who listened with that intentness that puts the preacher on his mettle and demands of him his very best?

Perhaps some of those coolies and old women may not represent the intelligence of college graduates, but they are eager to hear as much as they can comprehend, and there is neither sleeping in the pews nor disturbance on the back seats.

A CROWD THAT FILLED EVERY CORNER

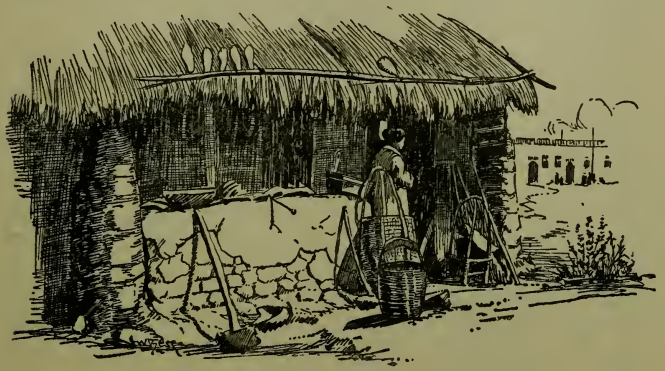
Such an experience makes preaching seem worth while. It is a great service, at least for the visiting preacher. But wait! These

nine hundred people file out of the house in quiet order and a thousand other people come in and fill seats, aisles, stairways, and windows, and the second service begins. What would you say to that in your American church?

These churchgoers are not there merely for entertainment. At the close of the second service fourteen men come forward and enroll themselves as inquirers. They were not received into any sort of church membership, not even as probationers. They were merely registered as inquirers after the truth and enrolled in classes for instruction. But these inquirers had made their break with heathenism, and it was a more radical step than a man takes when he becomes a member of the church in America. Henceforth every one of them is known among his people as a Christian, and will receive the ridicule and criticism accorded those who break with the old order.

The pastor of the church met each one of these men, talked with him, and assigned him to a class for teaching. Each of these men paid thirty cents, for which he received a copy of the Gospels and Acts, a hymn book, and a manual of devotion prepared by the pastor himself. Thirteen hundred and thirteen people had been enrolled in this way during the year that was just closing, and the resources of the church and mission were sorely taxed to provide teachers enough to care for the hundreds of these inquirers.

The devotional manual was a very interesting document. Forms of prayer, private and family devotions, were suggested. Times and places for Scripture reading were designated. Proper thoughts of God were outlined. Chinese pictures showing the proper attitude of body during prayer were printed. One of these cuts showed

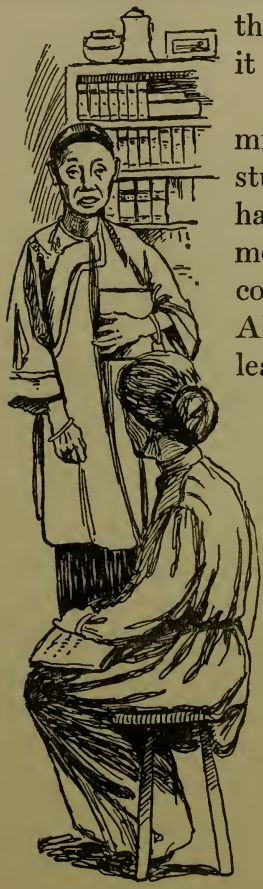


A POOR MAN'S HOUSE

a family seated at meal time and reverently bowing all heads while the father asked a blessing. Another showed a man kneeling at prayer before retiring for the night. Still another showed the family assembled while Scripture was read and prayer was offered for the blessing of God upon the household. Should any American pastor find, perchance, any members of his church who, like the heathen Chinese, do not know how to perform these acts of worship, let him send to Hinghwa and secure for their instruction a supply of these manuals.

The Prayer Cure for Stupidity

She was an exceedingly dull old woman, yet she wished to learn to read. How could she know the truth unless she could read it for herself?



"LET US PRAY"

So they began, the patient missionary teacher and the stupid old scholar. But it was hard work. She could not remember the characters and she could not put them together. All too obviously, she could not learn to read without brains.

Kindly but firmly, the teacher suggested that she give it up and learn what she could from those more fortunate than herself. With reproachful eyes she gazed upon the missionary a moment, and said, "Segu" (title of respect for a woman teacher), "let us pray." And pray they did, and after the prayer the teacher had not the heart to say her nay. The old woman went home to try it again.

The next week it was no better, and once more

the teacher suggested that they close the effort. Once more the old woman met her with steady gaze and she said, "Segu, let us pray."

Again and again that teacher tried to persuade that old woman to give up and be content with her present attainments, but every time it was the same answer—"Segu, let us pray." And pray they did, on and on, and the old woman kept at it.

And she learned to read.

Firecrackers and Religion

We were making about three miles per hour along the ancient "paved" highway between Foochow and Hinghwa. Village after village we left behind us, each much like the others. One larger than most of them appeared several li ahead of us.

"That is Uong Dio," remarked our friend. "There is a new church there, and we will stop a few minutes to look at it."

Scarcely had we reached the entrance to the village when a fusillade of Chinese firecrackers rent the air. Chinese New Year's and an American Fourth of July seemed combined in one. I had pulled a little ahead of the party and got the full benefit of the welcome. The bishop came a close second and became at once the center of attraction. Crackers to right of us, crackers to left of us, sputtered and thundered. It was impressive enough in its way, and back of the smoke and

litter of red paper grinned a good-natured crowd of Chinese, come forth to welcome their bishop in time-honored fashion. How, indeed, should suitable respect be shown if not by fireworks! The last dedication service that I had attended in Foochow was opened by a volley of firecrackers that would have satisfied the heart of the most fastidious young American on his national birthday. And the hearts of Uong Dio were much the same apparently.

At the gateway of the high-walled churchyard —more firecrackers! This thing was to be done properly if it took all the crackers in the kingdom. Once inside the church, the clatter ceased for the time, and we looked about. Clean and new the pine floor; white and clean the plastered walls. The roof was supported by six massive beams, rare and expensive in this barren country. It appeared that these beams had been originally prepared for the building of a Buddhist temple, but, evil days falling upon the monastery, the timbers were secured for the construction of a Christian Church—facts both interesting and prophetic.

Plain seats, new altar rail, and simple pulpit comprised the furnishing. In the pulpit platform refreshments had been provided in anticipation of the coming guests. They must be at least tasted, and really were very good to eat. Then came the speech-making. Church members and

Chinese scholars crowded to the front; merchants, villagers, farmers, and coolies brought up the rear. Congratulations, good wishes, and good will flowed like water. Benevolent assurances were exchanged; it was one of those times when the hard facts of life suddenly glow with a modest halo and everyone is sure that, after all, life is not so bad as had been supposed.

In the parsonage next door the Chinese pastor was keeping open house to all who might call after the meeting. A Chinese young woman, graduated from a medical school in Canton, was present, and in her own charming and refined person served as an example of the kindly and cultured new womanhood of her people. Interest, intelligence, and enthusiasm centered in the new building, and the entire village was interested in what was going on. This eager gathering in the church stood in marked contrast with the stolid indifference of the faces by the way in the villages where there was no church with its awakening life and power.

BY THE RIVER

Let him who thinks that a Christian church in a Chinese village is a small factor in its social impulse take a few hours to study the faces of the

men who come into such a church as that in Uong Dio, and then go out and look into the faces of the people in the street of the next village, perhaps not more than a li away, and nothing more need be said. The faces tell the story.

Possessed by a Devil

"Do you believe in devils?" asked the missionary.

"Do you inquire concerning my theological definitions or personal experience?"

"I will tell you a story if you will explain it."

"Go ahead."

Here is the story: A Chinese pastor of fine spirit and strong character was traveling among the hills. Suddenly he felt an impression that he should turn to the left and go up over the mountain in a direction where he knew of no road. When he spoke to his coolies they refused to carry him in that direction, saying that there was a rough path, but that it was too steep for them.

Upon this the pastor laboriously climbed the path on foot while the bearers carried the empty chair. Near the top of the mountain he found a village, and being weary, stopped for refreshments. The Chinese at once asked him whether he were a teacher of the Ya Su Gaw Li (Jesus religion), and he replied that he was.

"Wait here," they exclaimed. "This is the man she talked about."

After a few moments the men returned and led the pastor to a house in the village. Within the house lay a Chinese woman upon a couch, writhing in rage and fury, frothing and screaming in terrible fashion. As the preacher entered the door she began begging piteously, "Don't drive me away. Have mercy, don't drive me away."

For several weeks this woman had raved, taking very little food. Her incoherent outcries had frightened the people of the village. Very naturally they regarded her as being possessed of an evil spirit. For three days previous to the coming of this pastor she had exclaimed, "Some one will come to drive me away." An hour before he reached the village she began to say, "He is coming to the village now."

EARNING TEN CENTS PER DAY

After looking earnestly at this poor woman for a few moments, the Chinese pastor said, very emphatically, "You must leave, in the name of the Lord Jesus." Whereupon he

sang a hymn, read a scripture, and began to pray. During the prayer the woman suddenly became quiet and after the prayer was perfectly normal. The astonished people without had beheld a miracle and besought the man to remain among them, but he proceeded at once on his journey. So far as is known the woman never relapsed.

"What do you think of that?" asked the missionary.

"I think that is a pretty close relative of the cases recorded in the New Testament. The explanation of one will afford the key to the other. Modern psychology will help us somewhat in understanding such cases, but the facts are clear that the woman was in some way possessed, that neither she nor anyone else could control her condition, that she foretold the coming of the pastor and announced his immediate entrance to the village, that the pastor was directly led to the place, and that in answer to his prayer the woman became and remained normal. I don't see anything to stumble over or wonder at. Unusual manifestations of good often arouse strange activities of evil. When Jesus was upon earth such cases occurred. The coming of the Christian faith to China has created a somewhat similar situation here, and it is not strange that similar manifestations of malignant possession should be found. What say you to that? You know more about this matter than I."

"That agrees with my theory exactly. We have had a number of such cases scattered over a wide area. Some of them are close copies of the unfortunates of the gospel narrative. Many of them have been cured in answer to prayer."

To try to prove to the Chinese the reality of an inhabited unseen world is a waste of time. He knows its reality; what he wants is a cure for its terrors and a key to its joys.

Chinese Liberality

"What's the use of forever giving money to help a lot of heathen who ought to help themselves?" Read this and then judge for yourself. When the Christians of America reach the mark set by the liberal givers of the Chinese church, finances will cease to be a problem, except in administration.

Young Men's Christian Association "whirlwind" campaigns for new buildings have brought forward some liberal givers among the more well-to-do Chinese. Christian churches stand everywhere, sometimes built with no help whatever from any resources other than those of the poorest of the people. Some of the smallest subscriptions have been literal duplications of the poor widow's two mites, in that they have represented the entire wealth of the givers.

During the forward movement campaign in Fukien Province, in one year twenty-two thou-

sand dollars was subscribed for extension work. In every district and mission station pledges were taken, some of them pathetic in their sacrificial devotion. In a country church, back in the hills, this cause was presented and much enthusiasm was aroused. One man, by years of toil, had saved about one hundred dollars, and he had invested this in a grove of trees, which represented his entire estate. When the offerings were received he arose and said that he would be glad to give his grove of timber as he had no money. It

WAYSIDE TEMPLE

was all that he had, but if the giver of the two mites wore a smile like that of this Chinese toiler, her face must have been beautiful to see. This particular gift was so out of proportion to the man's ability that the missionary insisted upon adjusting the matter on a different basis.

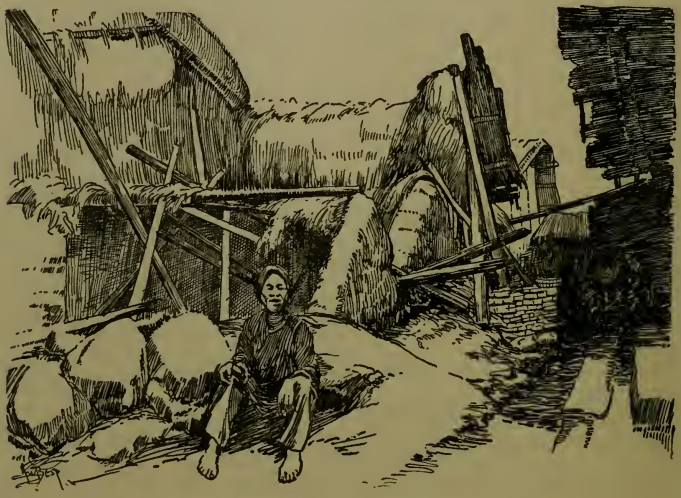
While taking a subscription for a church building in the southern Fukien region, one man explained that six months before he had been very sick and that the church had taken care of him.

While he was a very poor man, he would subscribe ten dollars to the fund—an equivalent to a subscription of one hundred dollars by an American day laborer with irregular employment. The next Sunday this man appeared and paid one half of his subscription, explaining that his sole possession had consisted of an old shack, and that he had sold one of its two rooms for the five dollars which he now paid in to help the cause.

It was in this same region that a certain Christian, old and blind, planned to go to his relatives in Java. Money was saved and raised to send him there, but at Amoy the health authorities refused him permission to proceed. Eventually he was compelled to return to his former home with twenty dollars of his passage money still unspent. This would have been a fortune to the old man and might have added very much to the comfort of his declining years. When the church building project was launched he gave the entire twenty dollars, saying that he was still able to earn ten cents per day by turning a bean-curd mill and could live on that very well.

The independent Christian Church in Canton has been supported entirely by money raised in Canton and in America among Chinese who contribute liberally to the evangelization of the people of their native city. A few years ago a disastrous fire destroyed much of the property of this young church and school. One of the bishops

of China, being in San Francisco at the time, sought the Christian Chinese of that city and sympathized with them in the heavy loss that had fallen upon their work in Canton, and offered to raise for them a thousand dollars as evidence of the good will and cooperation of the American Christians. This offer was courteously declined



WRECKED BY A TYPHOON

on the ground that the Chinese preferred to bear all the expense of this matter themselves.

A church was organized in a Hinghwa village and its congregation met in the home of one of its members. It was a small house, and as the numbers increased the house became wholly inadequate for the people who came. Continual talk and planless agitation seemed no more a cure for this situation in China than in America.

One Sunday afternoon, after an unusually earnest service, talk again centered upon the need of a church. At last one wrinkled, illiterate old man arose and said that he thought that it was time to do something besides talk. He was poor enough, as every one knew, and owned no property except a mud hut that had been wrecked by a typhoon. However, the wooden beams of the old shack were worth something, perhaps six dollars, Mexican money, and he would give them to start a fund for the new church.

THE BROTHERS

This charter subscription produced something of a sensation, and while the talk buzzed its way through the crowd a young man arose and spoke. "My father owned the house in which we are met to-day," he began. "When he died I called for and received my share of the money he had left, and I went away and spent it in evil living. Like the prodigal of old, when I fell into destitution I came to myself and became a Christian. I joined the church and am now an exhorter, as you know. All that I am I owe to Jesus Christ,

and the least that I can do is give all I have to him. My money was spent long ago, but I still own one half of this house in which we meet, and I will give that to the new church."

Before the astonished people could comment on this subscription the elder brother arose and said that the least that he could do would be to give his one half of the house to the enterprise.

HIS PRIZE POSSESSION

After this stood up an old man. Bent and wrinkled was he, and withal he was about as poor as a man could be. But when he smiled there was something good to look upon in his face.

"My friends," he began, "these who have spoken have told you that they have very little to give. I have less than they. I own no house, nor any land, nor any money, nor even broken timbers. No pig nor cow is mine. It is some years since I gave up the thought of accumulating anything for this world, but I have now a place among the many mansions that Jesus has gone to prepare. There is, however, one item of property that I possess. I have saved for many years and now own my

coffin, as my long resting place, and it is a very good coffin. It is worth perhaps twenty dollars, and I will give it to help build the church."

By that time the fire burned in many hearts, and to-day a new church stands in that village. Do the Chinese become Christians because some one pays them wages to join the church? Can any heroic giving come out of China? Come and see! Any missionary who has been long enough in China to get close to the hearts of the people can tell of princely givers among the common people. Not all the Christians have learned to give like these described here, but the possibilities of such giving indicate capacity for splendid sacrifice and devotion.

Queueless Church Officials

In some parts of China the cutting off of queues has drawn a line between the progressives and reactionaries. Any man with braid down his back or coiled on his head belongs to the old order.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference of a certain church the pastor made an impassioned appeal for a real forward movement and suggested that no man be elected to office who wore a queue. This measure was adopted by a majority vote of those present, and then the sifting began.

A number of the older men still wore queues. As their names were called for reelection they

were asked to stand. If their heads showed a modern hair-cut, they were elected forthwith. If they wore queues, they were escorted to the rear of the church, seated on a stool, and the pastor himself, with a pair of shears, removed the badge of conservatism from the head of the candidate. If he refused to submit, he was promptly voted out and another took his place. When the meeting closed, that pastor had a united and queueless official board with which to face the new year's work.

China has this unique advantage: the queues are on the outside of the heads. If only all American church officials would wear their conservative badges thus exposed and accessible, it would be easy to get rid of them.

CHAPTER V

THE LEAVEN OF LIFE

INDIRECT RESULTS—CALLOUSED HANDS—A CIGARETTELESS PROVINCE—FAMINE ORPHANS—CURING A BREAD LINE—COLLEGE JINKS—MATRIMONIAL REVOLUTION.

INDIRECT RESULTS

THE larger harvest that grows from the missionary's planting is never reaped by those who sow nor reported in any table of figures. Beside many waters the harvest ripens and the currents of life bear the seed-corn of truth into distant realms of human ideals and conduct. Much of the missionary's work seems fruitless, and some of it futile, but surprising by-products and indirect results carry his influence far beyond the reach of his own observation.

Thousands of Chinese attend mission schools and do not become Christians, yet they return to their families more or less imbued with Christian ideals and with a strong bent toward the foreign way of doing things. By their efficiency and advanced standards these schools have compelled the government schools to improve their methods and raise their requirements. Without the stimulus of missionary example the education of wo-

men would not have been undertaken by the government. The modern "natural foot" movement is wholly of missionary origin. Missionary translators have furnished the literature of the new China. The blind, the insane, the lepers, and the outcasts for the first time have received recognition on the basis of their needs. The anti-opium crusade could not have reached its present successful stage without the support of the missionary and the moral earnestness of the Christians. "Squeeze" would still be as respectable as universal were it not for the protests of the Christians. Slavery and torture have received severe checks. "Baby towers," those depositories of undesired girl babies, while still standing, are hard to find, because no one cares to know where they are; and there are many Chinese who have never known an infant to be exposed there. Hospitals are revelations of cleanness and kindness, and missionary homes set standards that do not immediately revolutionize the Chinese customs, to be sure, but have an important influence on the ideals of the younger people.

Moral and intellectual transformations take place in hosts of people who never become members of the church, nor openly acknowledge their debt to the missionary. Many Christian men have non-Christian wives, to be sure, but these wives of Christians have a noticeably better time of it than the wives of their heathen neighbors,

and the facts have their weight in the minds of women who are learning to think.

The missionary does not go to China primarily to change the customs of the people. The sooner he gets over any such idea the better. But unconsciously, and therefore more effectively, he reads into his New Testament his own ideals of cleanness, fair play, hygiene, monogamy, health, fitness for work, modesty, comfort, and compassion for the suffering.

Most striking is the contrast between the women of the village street and the girls in the mission schools. Wrinkled ignorance and blank hopelessness are in marked distinction from the neat, clean, intelligent, winsome ladylikeness of the girl students. And yet the missionary did not set out primarily to develop new standards of womanhood in China. He is doing it because he cannot help it.

The missionary did not go to China to establish shorter hours of labor and living wages, but the industrial by-product of his gospel must do just that in the end. Mission presses are operating at a great disadvantage in competition with native printeries, just because the missionary manager tries to treat his employees like human beings rather than brute cattle.

Possibly no missionary goes to China with the intention of making improvements in the native faiths. He is there not to improve but to sup-

plant. But as a result of the missionary propaganda the old cults must improve or perish. A silent but very pervasive scattering of the ethical standards of Christian faith is taking place among the religions of the Far East. If these religions are to hold their own at all in competition with Christianity, it will be because they have borrowed weapons and methods and enthusiasm from their conquerors. Even now there is a propaganda that styles itself "Confucio-Christianity."

The missionary may come to China with the ideals of a purely spiritual work, but he will fail in this unless he allows the waters from the fountain of spiritual life to flow over the whole field of human action and interest. The old standards of degraded womanhood may not be directly attacked, but when women read the New Testament they unconsciously but inevitably receive new ideals of their personal dignity and high social rights. Among Christians daughters must be something more than merchandise and wives than property. When it comes to the time for arranging marriage the Christian daughter finds herself at a distinct advantage over her non-Christian friends. The happiness and preferences of the young lady really have some place in the matter—an un-heard-of thing for her less fortunate friend. Christians make good sons-in-law, and a Christian husband has been known blushingly to admit that he was fond of his wife.

Just where all the missionaries' harvest shall be found in the great day of reaping, who shall say? Certain it is that new growth is appearing all over China, and they who plant by many waters may expect a share in the joy of those who gather in the sheaves in the great day.

Calloused Hands

When a Chinese student can show marks of toil on his hands something revolutionary has happened. Either he is destitute or transformed.

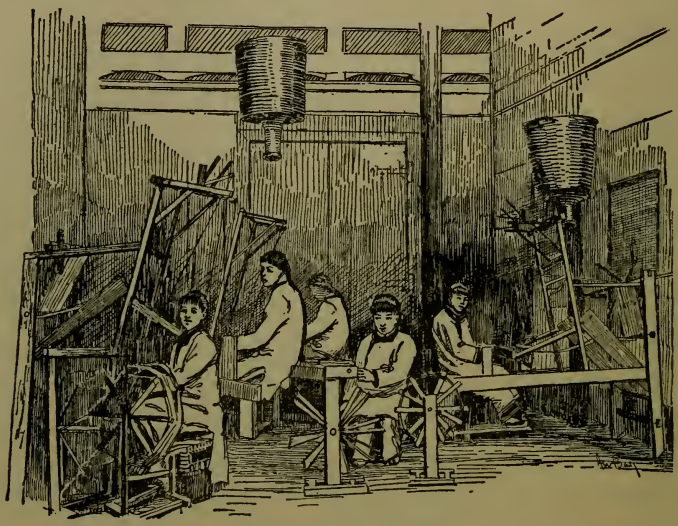
A few years ago, at the close of a school term, the principal addressed the students, telling them that a new policy would be inaugurated at the beginning of the new term. Thereafter no student would be admitted unless he could pay his own expenses. All the young men were exhorted to go home, cut off their long finger nails, go to work during the vacation and make themselves of some use. If they needed money, let them earn some for their expenses.

When the new term opened, all the best students were on hand for registration. Those who failed to appear had never been a credit to the school. One of the former students, standing before the principal, held up his hands, and with great pride, said, "Teacher, see these!"

"Well, what is the matter with them?" asked the principal, who had for the moment forgotten his instructions.

Disappointment showed on the student's face. He looked at his hands again and said earnestly, "Feel of them."

And they were good to feel. Hard and calloused those hands were from hard work at home. He had taken his teacher literally and had become



INDUSTRIAL MISSION

a forerunner of the new order of industrial training in China.

In one university in central China a class of rich men's sons digs ditches, and one day stood before the camera when every man in the class had blisters or blood on his hands. And they took it as a joke. Yet there are (a few) people who think that China does not move. Come and see!

A Cigaretteless Province

Coal oil and cigarettes are the most-in-evidence American products in China. Kerosene is a blessing, cigarettes a curse. American dealers in "coffin nails" planned a grand business campaign in the twenty-million province of Fukien. It would have been a great success but for one little item, overlooked by the campaigners. That item was the missionary, and the cigarette men learned a wholesome lesson.

FORGOT THE CHURCH

Agents were sent out with money and an ingenious advertising campaign was projected. The closing out of the opium business left a great market for some substitute, and surely cigarettes would fill both the vacancy and the pockets of the manufacturers. Free samples, alluring promises, attractive agencies, plausible recommendations, and thorough distribution all combined to make the new substitute for the black pill an immediate commercial success.

All would have gone well—for the dealers—had it not been for the forgotten missionary. Of course business men could not be expected to take account of mere missionaries.

That is where they made their mistake. The missionaries did object very seriously to the cigarette. The agents smiled—the missionaries went to work. A campaign of information was launched, sermons were preached everywhere, mass meetings were held in Foochow; officials, business men and scholars were interested and informed. Indignation rose steadily, protests rolled up, cigarette stocks were destroyed or returned, dealers were notified to stop handling the foreign poison, agents were requested to leave the province, and, worst of all, the aroused people would not buy the goods!

Of course the cigarette men won out in the end?

Well, a year after the campaign I traveled four hundred miles in the interior of Fukien and spent some time in Foochow and other cities smaller in population, and I failed to see or smell a single cigarette anywhere in the province.

To have thwarted the heavily financed schemes of a big tobacco trust, to have awakened a public conscience on the subject of narcotics, and to have delivered as many people as live in New England from the bondage of the commercial cigarette is no small matter. And yet there are people who say that the missionary has no influence.

Famine Orphans

Under normal conditions there are, constructively, no orphans in China. If a boy's parents die, his next of kin becomes his legal parent and he is never detached from family bonds.

Famine conditions, however, break up this continuity of family life. When parents, uncles, and nearly all other relatives are dead or scattered afar, thousands of children are left like driftwood,

MONDAY MORNING AT THE ORPHANAGE

to shift for themselves; and no one has thought to do anything for these homeless waifs except the missionary.

At Chinkiang these destitute children have been gathered into a Christian Home, extended to include room enough to house the big family. This may be an orphanage, but it is something more. The love and care of a missionary's home life is extended to every wretched little wanderer

who comes to the gate. Just how two hearts may be large enough to take them all in may be a problem until you meet these two missionaries, and then you can understand.

ORPHANS FARMING

There is a chapel room, of course, and good places to eat and sleep, but there is more than that. There is a farm where the boys work regular hours and raise many things good to eat in China. Sheep, pigs (of course), chickens, and cows look well kept and prosperous. The rudiments of several trades are taught and hard work keeps the boys in trim for school and play. The girls are taught to sew, cook, weave, and make various articles of use in Chinese homes. Regular school hours are maintained for boys and girls in separate buildings. Daily chapel service, Bible classes, Sunday school and kindly personal oversight furnish an environment that can have but one result—practically all of these boys and girls become Christians as they grow up.

Special classes are now organized among the older boys who have planned to become preachers.

How far the lives of some of these abandoned babies may yet reach no man may know, but that a radio-center of Christian life has been set up on a hilltop in Chinkiang, there is not the slightest reason for doubt.

Lest some pious friend in America may reflect that some little part of his missionary offering goes to the support of this good work, let it be said that nothing of the kind happens. This good missionary and his wife do not receive a dollar of missionary money, but are supported by a devout woman in America, who toils and saves enough beyond her own bread and butter to keep these people at work in central China. It takes several hundreds of dollars a year to do it, but it multiplies the life of that earnest woman several hundred times in China. With no hope of reward, or recognition, or promotion or anything else except the satisfaction of following in the steps of their Master, these two faithful and efficient souls are putting their lives into boys and girls, trusting for the reapers' just reward in the great day of the harvest.

MAKING MEN

Curing a Bread Line

Poor, splendid old Nanking, she has had trouble enough since the days of her Ming glory. The Tai Pings took eleven years to get through her gate, but the revolution of 1913 left her water front a smoking ruin, and when the trouble subsided and peace reigned once more the sun rose

PESTILENCE, FILTH AND DEATH HERE

on a hundred thousand starving refugees huddled in the streets and crawling into infested huts. In time relief funds began to arrive and were put into the hands of competent persons for administration.

Under ordinary circumstances this would be the end of the story. There was in this case, however, one extraordinary circumstance—Joseph E. Bailey by name, who was put in charge of the rice line. Now, Bailey had come to China to teach

higher mathematics to any who cared to learn. He was a success in the classroom, but he had already been looking for something that came nearer to the needs of starving people than ellipses and cosines.

When Bailey got hold of that hunger brigade it took him just two days to see that the longer that crowd of beggars was fed on the hand-out basis, the more helpless it would become. Being an Irishman, he set his wits to work and began to hire the hungry coolies instead of treating them.

How could he hire them when there was no work to do? That is just where this story comes in. He put the men to making roads and the women to cutting grass on the hills, and he paid everybody every night. But there was a limit to the grass-cutting and road-building, and also to the relief funds. What was needed was some plan that would make these people grow their own food.

All around Nanking there are large areas of "second-grade" land that has lain bare for centuries because it cannot be profitably cultivated on the age-old Chinese methods. Then Bailey got his idea. Scientific methods of farming would make those people self-supporting on that land. Temporary use of the Purple Mountain country was easily secured and the real cure for the bread-line began. From pest-ridden huts and open streets five hundred people were moved out into

new huts on this land, and put to work making improvements. But the new huts did not lower the death rate as fast as Bailey thought desirable, and a big brick yard came into existence. Strong brick and tile houses were put up, and then the mortality fell to something like normal. Fertilizer was hauled up from the lake bottom and spread over the land. A good road was built to and through the tract. A plan of Chinese supervision was devised and every man was assigned his part of the work and promised his little plot of ground for his personal reward if he made good.

California nursery men were interested and sent large consignments of fruit trees, vines, seeds, and shrubs, and most of them flourished in the new environment. Trees, vegetables, berries, grasses, and vines sprang up. Giant castor beans and timber trees changed the color of the horizon. And the evening and the morning marked a new thing under the Chinese sun.

Then came the organization of the Nanking Famine Colonization Association in connection with the work of the University of Nanking. Students of the new Department of Agriculture went out onto the land and took charge of the development work. Sons of blue-blooded aristocrats, who had never in all their lives done a stroke of work, went out there and got down in the ditches and dug fertilizer with the coolies. Here

are a dozen of them with bleeding and blistered hands and not a word of complaint. And this in China! How do you account for it? Well, you see, it is this way: Bailey does it himself, and there is nothing left for the student to do but to fall in line and keep up with him—if he can. I saw a grandson of a high Cabinet official hard at it with the others. If a student will not work, there is but one alternative: he must change his major.

HAULING FERTILIZER

About this time Chinese officials began to notice that something was happening at Nanking. After much investigation, a proclamation was issued stating that the work was practical and unselfish and worthy of the support of all public-spirited people. This paper was signed by nearly everybody in the Chinese kingrow, including Yuan Shih Kai, Sun Yat Sen, Wu Ting Fang, and twenty-seven others like unto them. And the minister of agriculture headed a subscription list with one hundred dollars per month for expenses.

Next came the permanent setting aside of the

whole Purple Mountain tract with its ten thousand acres for the work of the Association. Now, at last, there was land enough and to spare. A plan was worked out for extending the improvements through a series of years. Within a year and a half five hundred people were made self-supporting and another five hundred started on their way to independence.

A visit to the model farms reveals some interesting things. Acres of young nursery stock, peach and fig trees beginning to bear, oranges and lemons thriving in Chinese soil, vines and vegetables all looking vigorous and thrifty. All of these were growing on dry land by methods new to the people. By the wet-rice methods of the past the people had not found these lands worth cultivating at all.

The most interesting feature of this whole exhibit was a farmer that I found on the land. In a pouring rain he piloted me about the place, eager to show me something else a little further on. He explained, he enthused, he pointed with pride, till we had hard work to get away from him at all. There seemed no limit to the interest of this coolie. Who would have believed that this starving beggar could have been brought to such a pitch of enthusiasm in two years? There had been something born in the man—a sense of ownership and independence; part of that land was to be his very own. The improvement in the

land was a small matter as compared with the transformation of the man. And official China is watching this work as it gathers headway.

Bailey says that if he could get a half dozen young Americans with training in scientific agriculture and forestry, he could revolutionize the industrial life of all central China. "Go home," he said to me, "and tell some of those fellows that there is a chance here to reach out a thousand miles and touch millions of lives. This is one of the biggest jobs in the world."

There is one other item, worthy of note: Joseph E. Bailey is a missionary. The University of Nanking is a missionary institution and every Sunday these farmers come together for a Christian service. For some reason no one but a missionary thought it worth while to do the constructive thing for the permanent cure of starvation among a destitute people, and it seems that the religious features of the work do not interfere with the growing of crops or the making of men.

College Jinks

Chinese humor has a quality and keenness all its own, and he who thinks that these Orientals cannot make or love a joke is very apt to become himself a huge joke in their eyes.

There is nothing dense about a Young Men's Christian Association jinks night in any mission college. A foreigner who has college traditions

and humor in his system can understand it all without an interpreter. All he needs is a working knowledge of student psychology and a keen sense of humor, and without these he would be mystified in any American school on stunt night.

Serious matters come first, as becomes a Young Men's Christian Association and in accord with general Oriental custom. A prayer by the college president, an address by the Student Association president setting forth the aims and purposes of the organization, and exhorting the non-members to join, a speech by a visiting Young Men's Christian Association secretary on "Opportunity"—these have the usual flavor of such events elsewhere.

Now comes a keen student with a report of a student conference held during the past summer. His Chinese is vigorous and the interpretation thereof is interesting, but his descriptions and imitations of yells, songs, games, and comical incidents are so graphic as to leave little for the interpreter to do. As he warms to his story applause and laughter interrupt him frequently and enthusiasm begins to climb.

Now the real fun begins. Two students put on a "musical" number under the guise of a householder who hires a servant to assist in an important performance. After much circumlocution, during which the curiosity of the audience had full sway, the said performance was found to consist

in the rendering of a crude imitation of the Chinese national air (the tune of "America") upon a common bicycle pump, the employer holding his thumb over the tube and the servant working the handle in time with the tune. As the students recognized the rough imitation of the tune emerging amid the gasps and wheezes of the pump, the uproar broke beyond bounds and the "music" was lost in the roar.

The following number is also musical. With many flourishes the speaker announces that he is about to give a complete course in music. Diplomas will be granted at the end of three minutes and all graduates will be guaranteed positions at salaries of one hundred and eighty dollars per month. Who will now come forward and register for the course?

Suspicion settled down upon the audience. The program cannot proceed without students; who will come?

Several sheepish, grinning students finally come forward. These take seats on the platform, and all are asked to listen attentively while the music begins. Out in the vestibule, pandemonium breaks forth. It is the "orchestra."

A prize is now offered to the student who can identify, by ear, the largest number of musical instruments used to produce that bedlam. "Tin coal oil cans," "Empty soap boxes," "Combs," "Cowbells," and other good guesses come thick

and fast. One student on the platform is selected to receive the prize. The orchestra is now marched into the hall. Most of the instruments named are present and in addition one boy carries an inverted bathtub, while another pounds it with a stick. One tin fife supplies the only semblance of tune in the aggregation. The leader of this orchestra, *en maske,* poses before the prize winner, focuses a "camera" before him, from which springs a paper snake, upon the appearance of which is precipitated a condition of general pandemonium.

The closing number is milder in tone. A student tells of his vacation trip during which he saw the greatest sweet potato on earth. (In central China a sweet potato has a personal significance equivalent to that of a "cabbage head" in America.) To anyone who will come to the platform the speaker will be pleased to extend the courtesy of a look, free of charge, at this monster vegetable, which he has concealed in a large box behind the desk.

One curious student comes forward, whereupon the speaker whips out from the box a hand mirror and holds it before the face of the would-be sight-seer.

More fun is enjoyed, general conversation follows, introductions of new students to old ones are given, warm welcome to the foreign visitor is extended, then lights are out, and all are off to bed.

Matrimonial Revolution

It was in central China that a young man from the college went to the matron of the girls' school and asked for the hand in marriage of one of the young women.

In accordance with missionary standards, but against all Chinese precedent, the matter was referred to the young lady for her personal decision. And—horror of horrors!—the young woman did not like the looks of the student and declined his proffered honor with thanks.

Here was a totally unheard-of thing under the Chinese sun, and when the result was reported to the astonished student he became the butt of more jokes and jibes than Chinese human nature could stand. Being outraged beyond all endurance, he left school and betook himself several hundred miles hence, where he fondly hoped that none would hear of his disgrace.

Miss Jones, of Minchang, is responsible for this delicious bit of fundamental human nature breaking through the crust of the ages: A certain Mr. Hi, student in the boys' school, called upon the matron of the girls' school and asked for the hand of Miss Ling. To which Miss Ling replied, "Why, no; I am going to marry Mr. Li."

"But," replied the astonished missionary, "how do you know you are going to marry Mr. Li? He has never asked for you."

"O, that is all right," remarked the rising new woman of China. "He and I have looked at each other in chapel a long time now."

And, *mirabile dictu,* within an hour from that moment, Mr. Li appeared and respectfully asked for the hand of Miss Ling in marriage.

Did he get her?

CHINESE SCHOOL GIRLS

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